BACONIANA

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COMMENTS

TO the sorrow and regret of his many friends in the Francis Bacon Society and elsewhere, on August 15th last, Mr. Valentine Smith, its Hon. Secretary for the past thirteen years, passed away at Boscombe, Hants., after a collapse a few weeks earlier. His wife was with him to the end, and to Mrs. Valentine Smith the Society begs to tender its deep condolences for her loss. It is at least some consolation to learn that he suffered little pain in the end, although in fact he had never fully recoverend from a severe operation in 1947. Our President, Miss Durning-Lawrence, and the Acting Secretary, Mrs. Brenda Duke, paid their last respects by attending his funeral obsequies on August 20th.

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Valentine Smith succeeded Henry Seymour as Hon. Secretary of the Society and with his amazing energy and enthusiasm for our cause never spared himself. He made it his principle to become personally acquainted with as many members as he could reach and kept up a voluminous correspondence with Baconians all over the world. He spent a great deal of his private means to say nothing of time for the object so close to his heart. His loss will be widely felt among a large circle of friends. His obituary will be found on page 220 in this issue.

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Valentine Smith with his prolific energy, in the years preceding the last war, had succeeded in greatly strengthening the financial resources of the Society. Like all such Societies the great loss of national wealth as the result of the last war and the consequent paralysing affect of taxation as one of its results, has since led to diminution of membership and accordingly in revenue so much so that recently a sub-Committee of the Council, set up to consider economies among other proposals, suggested that the publication of BACONIANA should be restricted to two half-yearly issues in the place of the four quarterlies. As matters stand, with the costs of production mounting higher and higher both in paper and printing these charges more than exceed the entire revenue from subscriptions and consequently it is forced more and more to draw on its reserves. On the other hand to raise the subscription to, say 30s. in these difficult times, might be more than many could afford. The proposal is at present shelved but those among our ranks who appreciate our aims and desire further to

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Notice to Contributors.—The Editor is always pleased to consider articles for publication on subjects of interest to readers of the Magazine. Such should be addressed to the care of the Office, 50a, Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7, with a stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

support the fight to render the genius and teaching of Francis Bacon to be realised by the world, and to combat the counterfeit propaganda of others—as much of it is—and who can further assist our cause to place Bacon on the pedestal as the greatest poet, philosopher and teacher in world history, may recognise that our ideal for recognition and justice is worthy any possible sacrifice. Any such generous tributes to his genius would add strength to our fight and would surely delight the Muses of Parnassus.

* * *

Moreover, there are indications in some directions that our efforts are not entirely in vain and that the name of Francis Bacon still lives vividly. Numbers of visitors for instance this year to the Festival of Britain have made a point of visiting St. Albans. The following appeared in the *Herts Advertiser* of August 24th.:

> "Afternoon is the peak period of the day for visitors to St. Michael's Church, St. Albans, in this Festival year, and an average of about 200 people a week—many of them overseas—have seen this 1,000-year-old church. The Vicar (Rev. A. C. MacInnes), told me that a great deal of interest had been shown in the Memorial to Sir Francis Bacon and in the fine altar which dates from the days of Queen Elizabeth."

We also hear that many requested permission to visit the ruins of Verulam House, Francis Bacon's country residence, of which the walls yet stand in the present Lord Verulam's Park, and which was built for Sir Nicholas Bacon by Elizabeth for reasons known to most Baconians. Mr. Rolph, Curator of the Roman Amphitheatre at St. Albans, has received a number of visitors and is kindly selling copies of Mr. W. G. Gundry's "Francis Bacon—A Guide to his Homes and Haunts," very useful to tourists.

* * *

Stratford-on-Avon has also been a show-place to oversea visitors to the Festival of Britain although it seems to have been somewhat of a flop. We were informed by an American Baconian visitor who visited Stratford in a special motor coach expedition, accompanied by a guide, that the said guide on their return said to his passengers with a laugh, "You know, Ladies and Gentlemen, everything you have seen at Stratford is spurious. The man they call Shakespeare could not even write his name, was a corn-chandler and small money-lender, and in his will left his second-best bed to his widow." One indignant passenger exclaimed, "How dare you say such things?" The guide replied, "Because I have studied the subject. Ask the Francis Bacon Society for the truth. They have an office in London." The remainder laughed. According to the Birmingham *Post* (July 5th) it would seem that Stratford did not obtain the boom it had expected this Festival year. The paper's Special Correspondent described it as "the Festival Depression." Hotel keepers, he stated, were experiencing one of the worst seasons of modern times, and both American and British visitors had stayed away. He blamed to some extent the Memorial Theatre management who had staged historical Plays rather than comedies to

"fit in with the Festival." Also, it seems, Stratford was sore about some remarks of Wilfrid Pickles in his "Have a Go" broadcast, who made, according to some, "derisive" remarks about the "poet" Shaksper, and also have not forgiven Gilbert Frankau, who attended a big official banquet and actually doubted the authorship of the Plays in the Stratfordian Holy of Holies! These may be small cracks in the artificial edifice. Truth will out—eventually!

* * *

Discussion Group meetings of the Society, which are held at the Offices conveniently central at South Kensington, accessible by Tube, Underground, or Buses from all parts, continue to attract interested audiences. They do not last too long and after the main speaker has finished questions are invited. A very interesting talk was given in September by Mr. W. Holden, on Francis Bacon's activities as a member of Gray's Inn from the time that he was a lad of fifteen just down from Cambridge University, a report of which appears elsewhere. Mr. Holden, who is the Librarian of Gray's Inn, has very kindly presented to the Society a photostat facsimile from a folio of the original Admission Register and signed by Francis Bacon as Treasurer. Bacon's signature accompanies each individual entry.

* * *

The entries, in the handwriting of Francis Bacon, are reproduced in our centre pages, considerably reduced to about a quarter or less fo the original. The facsimile is being framed and will be hung in the Society's office. The writing is very difficult to decipher and interpret and the Inn has no translation. The entries appear to be in Latin, written in what is termed the Court-hand of Elizabeth's reign. Wright's "Court-hand Restored," in his introduction on page xv, taken from the return of John Caley, Esqr., Keeper of the Records in the Augmentation Office, says, "Hitherto each Reign appears to have had a set or uniform Character; but in the Reign of Elizabeth and her predecessors the Clerical Mode seems to have been in great measure abandoned, and each transcriber to have written according to his own fancy; and it is observable that the English Records of the 16th and 17th centuries are in general more difficult to read than the latin records of preceding ages." If anybody can translate the original facsimile in the Office of the Society we shall be happy to print the translation.

* * *

Mr. Edward D. Johnson, known to Baconians as one of our oldest and most generous of members, has just published a new and enlarged edition of his work "The Shaksper Illusion," which is in effect practically a completely new work apart from the outer cover. It contains 192 pages and has several useful illustrations. He is an indefatigable writer on the subject of Baconian lore but perhaps the two aspects of the Baconian cause in which he stands out above all others are the exposure of Shaksper of Stratford as the author of the Plays, and also the anagramatic cyphers concealed in many of the Plays and in other works identifiable with Bacon of which he can claim to have been the first discoverer. His new edition of the "Illusion" is the

most comprehensive and thorough exposure of the "Bard of Stratford" yet produced. Not a single fact has escaped his eagle eye and anyone lecturing on the subject will lack no need of material if armed with a copy of this work. Thanks to his generosity the Society has been donated a hundred copies which is priced at 7s. 6d. (post free 8s.) and a better bargain could not be acquired considering the costs of production to-day. He entirely disposes of the Shaksper myth with the added advantage of its being written by a legal mind.

* * *

In his foreword Mr. Johnson summarises in a succinct passage the deception imposed upon the public which most of them accept through ignorance or prejudice. He says,

> "Far far too long have they been gulled with false biologies and false statements concerning the man from Stratford, trusting to the so-called 'authorities' for accurate information concerning the greatest of poets and playwrights. As these authorities cannot produce any *evidence* at all to prove that the actor was the author of the Plays, they are forced to use their imagination, and consist solely of suggestions, views, and opinions. They contain nothing approaching *evidence* that would be admitted in a Court of Law. The encylopaedic knowledge displayed in the Plays has driven the Stratfordians to their wits' end in the way of conjectures and suppositions when attempting to show that the actor was the author."

* * *

Another passage is worth the attention of Baconians and others whose scholarship leads them to repudiate the orthodox belief:

> "It is quite impossible to make any impression on the minds of the scholar-critics. They say 'we refuse to look at any evidence; our minds refuse to accept the fact that anyone but Will Shaksper wrote the Plays.' With people of such mentalities one is up against a brick wall . . . there should be a number of people who are concerned with *facts* and who have a capacity for weighing evidence and drawing logical conclusions from their observations".

It is surprising but the fact remains that the British people seem more wedded to conventional doctrines than any other civilised race. They follow their teachers in their youth like a flock of sheep and even the Universities are generally remarkably hidebound and ignorant in regard to history and the like. When it comes to evidence a very small proportion of so-called educated persons are factual-minded except lawyers who have to be towards their clients. Is it perhaps so remarkable as it might seem? In something like 5,000 years of world history the knowledge that the earth is round has been accepted for scarcely 500 years although Aristotle in the 4th century B.C. taught that the earth was a sphere. Much more could be said on this subject.

* * *

Glancing at the Press critics I observe that the literary critic of *The Tatler*, waxes most enthusiastic about Marchette Chute's book, "Shakespeare of London," which he lauds as a "most erudite work

which is based at every point upon solid facts—bills, records, memoirs, broadsheets of the day—giving an overall picture which is utterly convincing.'' It may be—but not of Shaksper of Stratford! The critic cannot avoid a foolish gibe at the people who obviously know far more about the truth of Shaksper than he if he is sincere in his gush. ''The portrait'', he continues, ''has a far greater fascination than many of those literary excursions into fancy or legend. For this reason those strange folk the Baconians, the Dyer fanciers, the Oxfordians, the Rutland believers, the Derby Brigade, and the Countess of Pembroke's Own, may not care for it. But the rest of us will.'' It evidently has not crossed the mind of the critic that when educated people, although their views may vary in regard to the authorship of the Shakespearean Plays, are one and all convinced on irrefutable evidence that the Stratfordian did not, and could not, have written the Plays, that he is hugging a foolish fetich.

* * *

Another enthusiastic critic of the Melbourne *Age*, a journal of importance in Australia, in a three-column rhapsody describing Miss Chute as a realist, says, ''She destroys overtly or implicitly many Shakespeare myths. His genius for instance was no miracle: it was the natural product of a prosperous home life, middle-class schooling, the restless intellectual life of Elizabethan London, and the profession of acting in which Shakespeare had daily practical tuition in what sorts of scene and action and word make the greatest effect on common humanity.'' The only word of truth in all this fiction is in its heading entitled, ''Shakespear Reconstructed.'' Indeed, it is. We may sincerely congratulate Miss Marchette Chute upon her success as a writer of fiction. Her book, with the gushing reception it has received in America, Australia, and England, must have brought her in a fortune. But it gives away many of the critics.

* * *

In BACONIANA Summer Number last year our critic in America revealed that she knew nothing about her imaginary hero but cleverly adopted the dodge of Sir Sidney Lee with evasive words like ''This *must have been* a clerical error; or, ''''Shakespeare *must have appeared* in Plays''; or ''*Nor is it necessary to suppose* that Shakespeare was always given dignified roles. ''No proof, said our critic, but plenty of theoretical talk. ''Intuition'' is her explanation of his complete command of all classics, Greek, and Latin, although he could not sign his name! The truth about Miss Chute's success is that she has written a book which gives a chatty but superficial description of life in London in Elizabethan times in directions where she can let her imagination run riot. One of her fancies for example is that ''Queen Elizabeth did not see a play until it had first been applauded by the ordinary London theatregoers,'' but the records of Gray's Inn alone refute such a claim. London audiences in the theatres of that period were not of a calibre to be accepted as judges of a play by so brilliant a woman as Elizabeth, and her own Players and the Earl of Leicester's performed specially before the Queen on frequent occasions. That,

however, is neither here nor there. What is outstanding is that in our own era a smart American writer can produce a garbled history of England of the period and dress up a purely fanciful hero in Will Shaksper and not only get away with it as authentic historically but it is applauded by critics as an epoch-making work. One may perhaps suspect that some of them harbour in secret guilty consciences about the Stratfordian!

* * *

We have not heard much more lately of the alleged discovery of Shakespeare's marginal annotations in his own handwriting in a copy of Hollinshed's *Chronicles* which a Stourbridge book collector acquired and, thanks to *Daily Express* publicity obtained wide press publicity at home and abroad. Another book acquired by the same collector was a copy of the *Annals* of Tacitus, dated 1605, with a marginal sketch of a man's head who, from the newspaper reproduction, looks uncommonly as though he were wearing a lawyer's wig. As the Tacitus is in the original Latin it should have sufficed to put Shaksper out of the question right away. The Birmingham *Post*, giving a reproduction of this sketch said, "The inscription, in Tudor-like handwriting, said to tally with all known specimens of Shakespeare's writing, reads, 'It is better to chuse a present estate with security than strive to recover those old idle doings, say I'." The philosophy is quite Baconian and might well have related to his own problem in 1605-6 but apart from that it would be interesting to learn from the *Post* what and where are "*all known specimens* of Shakespeare's writing", since the only six signatures extant of Shaksper are, as we know, illegibly scrawled, varied in spelling, and have been shown by Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence and others to have borne the marks of lawyers' clerks who appended signatures to legal documents where the client was unable to sign even his name. The Birmingham *Gazette* published a portrait of the aged Comtesse Clara Longworth de Chambrun, hailed as an "acknowledged Shakespearean expert"—whatever that might signify—holding the *Annals* of Tacitus in the presence of the collector, a Mr. Ashford, and is reported to have said that she was convinced that the book was once in Shakespeare's Library. As Will Shaksper possessed no library and not a single book at the time of his death, the Countess appears to have made a precious poor guess.

* * *

All very entertaining no doubt, but we must be excused if to onr minds both the Hollingshed and the Tacitus were the property of the *real* Shakespeare, namely one Francis Bacon, who customarily made copious notes in the margins of his books, and probably the handwriting can be identified as his. The Birmingham *Gazette* further stated that Mr. Ashford who purchased these two books at a sale, asserted that he "has had stacks of letters from Baconites delivered in my home. They are all abusive, ridiculing the discovery and insulting me." He added that he had "had brushes with these people before." No-one concerned officially with the Francis Bacon Society has had

"brushes" with this gentleman or in fact has ever heard of him before. If Baconians—not "Baconites" Mr. Ashford!—have written privately to question his claim to the alleged Shakespeare writing I suppose they are entitled to doubt him but we very much doubt if they are the sort of folks who would write abusive and insulting letters. We may perhaps wonder if his accusation was not his idea of obtaining more cheap publicity.

* * *

Mr. Albert Stuart Otto, who contributed the interesting article entitled "The Buried Secret of Bruton Churchyard," which has aroused considerable interest on the other side of the Atlantic, is somewhat disturbed because of a slight misunderstanding in the wording of the Editorial introduction to the last part of his article in our Summer issue. We used the words, "the present owners of the property, the Rockefeller Foundation", whereas Mr. Otto had written that Bruton Churchyard was one of the few pieces of property in downtown Williamsburg which the Restoration has not acquired because it is not purchaseable. We apologise to Mr. Otto for the slip made. At the same time in his article he went on to state that a number of the Restoration personnel were members of the vestry of the Churchyard, so that, in his own words, "the problem of control would appear largely to be solved". If we take his words at their face value he implied that, although the Rockefeller Foundation had not been able to purchase the property, through their hold on the vestry they were really the controlling power. If so, it is as broad as long! What many would wish to discover is why the vestry, having given Marie Bauer permission to excavate the vault she had undoubtedly traced, immediately after the excavation had proceeded for only a day and a half, suddenly cancelled the permission and even compelled her workers to fill in the soil again on the pretext that it constituted "a safety hazard to tourists." What caused the vestry to act suddenly in this extraordinary manner? Why did they not vouchsafe some explanation to Marie Bauer, whom they treated with such scant courtesy? Was there some occult secret outside influence brought to bear? It suggests something most unsatisfactory.

* * *

Let us recall the circumstances briefly. Marie Bauer, (now Mrs. Manly Hall), rightly or wrongly claimed in 1938 that under the first brick church in Bruton Parish, whose existence was not then known, lay "Francis Bacon's vault." She arrived, as Mr. Otto reports, at certain conclusions concerning the size, depth, and contents of the said vault. Bruton Churchyard and Williamsburg are certainly associated with certain members of the Bacon family in the past, and whether Marie Bauer were right or wrong in her investigations she certainly took infinite pains and trouble and expense to get permission to seek for the hidden tomb which she claimed contained long-lost manuscripts of Francis Bacon, all of which she has explained in her book *Foundations Unearthed*. She employed an engineering firm of repute which specialised in instruments to detect metallic bodies

underground, who sent an expert to seek to discover the site of the tomb she claimed was in existence.

This expert worked under the observation of the vestry, officials of the Rockefeller Restoration, the city administrators of Williamsburg, and others, so there was nothing secret. This is what Mr. Otto reported of the expert's findings:

> "According to *Foundations Unearthed* a complete record was made of the proceedings and findings, including graphs and charts indicating 'the undeniable recordings of impartial scientific instruments and the tests disclosed a complete verification of my calculations concerning the size, depth, and location of the vault'. She goes on to quote from the engineer's report: 'At a depth of from 16 to 20 feet, about 10 feet square, centred exactly where the 1711 line east of William and Mary crosses the old foundations, lies a body partially filled and much larger than an ordinary tomb'."

The above are factual happenings. When Marie Bauer's workers had dug nine feet down on the actual site, within thirty hours of according permission they were suddenly stopped by the vestry. Who were hidden behind this veto? Supose there were discoveries in this mysterious cache or tomb? How do we know if somebody else was deputed to acquire the contents if any? Who had an interest to prevent Marie Bauer's remarkable claim from having a fair show? Marie Bauer does not appear to have had a square deal and the Rockefeller Foundation and the vestry owe a frank explanation of their obstructive tactics. There must have been some mysterious motive behind it. The Rockefeller Foundation have not come well out of it.

* * *

Capt. Douglas Moffat, of 711 Estudillo Avenue, Leandro, California, a good friend of the Society, is still doing his best to form a Branch in the region of California where it is known are several well-known Baconians. It would be gratifying if such could be formed in which case we would assist it with useful propaganda. As Americans are to the fore in their appreciation of the Shakespeare Plays and as a general rule are not so hide-bound as in this country, they would be setting a good example. According to the New York *Herald-Tribune* of August 10th a plan is afoot to create a Shakespearean theatre at Westport, Conn., and Paul J. Phelan points out in it that last year 350,000 persons visited Stratford from all parts of the world and twice that number were turned away. It is said that the design will follow the polygonal shape of the original Globe Theatre in London. Why should not the West, not to be behind-hand in culture, also erect its Shakespeare home in San Francisco or Los Angeles?

* * *

Mention of Branches of the Francis Bacon Society permits us to thank Mrs. Chapman-Taylor, of Wellington, New Zealand, who is taking steps to form a branch in that capital. There are also prospects that such new Branches will be formed ere long in Manchester where Mr. Eric Webb is most active also in Birmingham and Edinburgh. The Editor is giving a lecture at Cambridge University on November

25th entitled "The Blind Eye of History," addressing the Heretics Society in Trinity College, and is engaged to speak in Edinburgh a little later. If in these important centres we can form branches where those interested in Francis Bacon and the Shakespeare Plays could join, and hold Discussion Talks, it will go a long way in spreading the truth. We want more members to lecture on our behalf.

* * *

Our Acting Secretary, Mrs. B. E. Duke, wishes to remind members that their subscriptions will fall due at the end of the year and that this is the last chance to draw attention to the fact that 1952 is approaching us. One of our members, I learn, has hit upon the idea of making a Christmas gift to his friends of a year's subscription. We may think that to those interested at all in our great cause that 21s. is not a high subscription in these days, for apart from its including a copy of each issue of BACONIANA we have our library of books and there are also Discussion meetings which are interesting and informative. Any members who may feel disposed to add voluntarily to their cheques will be assisting our efforts. Also please note that cheques for subscription should be made payable to the Francis Bacon Society, and not to any individual.

* * *

On behalf of the Society we wish to thank certain of our friends for their generous aid in various directions. Mr. A. V. G. Bacon, of Essex, sends a donation of one guinea towards the Society funds. Mr. Sydney Butler has presented two volumes of the "National Shakespeare Edition," a facsimile of the 1623 Folio, which should prove very useful for reference in our library; Mr. A. Crump donates a copy of Dr. Spencer Lewis's "Rosicrucian Amorc," containing Questions and Answers; and Mr. W. Holden, has given us the photostat of facsimile of Francis Bacon's signatures from Gray's Inn Records, and in addition a full set of its magazine "Graya." I would also add that in response to the invitation to those interested in Alfred Dodd's work, "The Personal Life Story of Francis Bacon," (vol I.) to assist in the expense to enable his Vol. II to be published, thanks are due to Mr. E. R. Cartwright, who kindly contributes £5, to Snr. Gastao Ferreira de Almeida, for a contribution of £1, to Col. R. G. Turner, who contributes £3, 30s. of it to purchase a copy of Dodd's volume two of "Francis Bacon's Personal Life Story." To these gentlemen I would say that it is under consideration to change the publisher of Vol. II, and negotiations are proceeding to that end. We need to raise about another £100 if possible. Once more many thanks for the kindness of our donors.

EDITOR

THE MASQUES OF SIR FRANCIS BACON

By J. S. L. Millar

LIKE the practice of aristocratic sonneteering, the writing of Masques was an allowable literary diversion for Elizabethan gentlemen—Francis Bacon certainly did not disdain it—and he had, apparently, in his youth, a flair for such productions, being as a Law Student at Grav's Inn, much to the fore in the matter of Revels.

The Gesta Grayorum

One of his early efforts has come down to us, the *Gesta Grayorum*, which he wrote for the Students of Gray's Inn as a New Year's entertainment, and if it seems a little serious for the occasion of a Revel, it was because Bacon never lost an opportunity of introducing into what he wrote—even for a light occasion—some propaganda on behalf of natural science, the pursuit of knowledge, loyalty to the Crown, and the abiding charms of a contemplative philosophy.

This particular piece of writing is interesting also because, like his other Masques and Devices, it enables us to compare his prose, written to be spoken, with contemporary dramatic prose written for the stage and of necessity, therefore, to be spoken also.

The principal character in Bacon's Interlude is "The Prince of Purpoole," the name being derived from the ancient Manor upon which Gray's Inn was originally built.

Six Counsellors approach this Prince and offer him advice as to the exercise of war, the study of Philosophy, virtue and gracious Government, and so forth, but the sixth and last Counsellor advises that he must also enjoy himself—which he could only do in his own person—in these terms:—

> "What nothing but tasks, nothing but working days? No feasting, no music, no dancing, no triumphs, no comedies, no love, no ladies? Let other men's lives be as pilgrimages because they are tied to divers necessities and duties—but princes lives are as progresses dedicated only to variety and solace. And therefore leave your wars to your Lieutenants, and your works and buildings to your Surveyors, and your books to your Universities, and your state matters to your Counsellors, and attend you that in person which you cannot execute by deputy; use the advantage of your youth; be not sullen to your fortune; make your pleasure the distinction of your honours, the study of your favourites, the talk of your people, and the allurement of all foreign gallants to your court; And in a word sweet Sovereign dismiss your five Counsellors and only take counsel of your five senses."

The phrase "Use the advantage of your youth, be not sullen to your fortune — Make your pleasure the distinction of your honours" seems to have a familiar ring about it.

A Conference of Pleasure

The collection of four speeches, which Spedding edited and published under the title of *A Conference of Pleasure* was conjectured by him to have formed part of a fanciful Masque or Device written by Bacon and presented at Court about the year 1592.

These take the form of Orations upon four themes—The Worthiest Virtue, or Fortitude—The Worthiest Affection, or Love—The Worthiest Power, or Knowledge—and the Worthiest Person, who was Queen Elizabeth herself.

It is a matter for wonder how any person could be found not only able, but willing, to commit to memory these lengthy speeches, so close packed with Bacon's abundant turns of thought. The Elizabethans as a race must have had, or at any rate acquired, a distinct liking for speechifying of every kind! How else can we account for an audience, at the Globe Theatre for instance, being willing to listen to a Shakespeare Play in its unabridged form, with neither programme nor change of scene to guide them?

Shakespeare's characters had, in these circumstances, as Mr. Pearsall Smith remarks with great aptness, "to talk themselves alive."

THE WORTHIEST VIRTUE

Fortitude, according to Bacon, is the noblest of the Virtues, awaking a man's senses in time of peril, quickening his emotion, and redoubling his forces.

"Thus" he writes "is fortitude the marshal of thought, the armour of the will, and the fort of reason."

"I cannot say that fortitude will make a crooked man straight or a foul person fair. But this I may say that fear is the mother of deformity, and I never yet saw a man comely in fear."

In common with Shakespeare, Bacon had, apparently, a great regard for the memory of Julius Caesar, and Professor Mackail has noted, in an admirable little volume entitled *The approach to Shakespeare*, that Caesar's name is mentioned in no less than twelve of the twenty-one Plays of the Canon, which are anterior to the Play of *Julius Caesar* itself, and generally with a touch of mingled admiration and awe. Bacon's reference to Caesar, in the speech under review, is not so well-known.

He is referring to men of known valour and courage as examples of "fortitude," especially when they were face to face with death.

"Julius Caesar, the worthiest man that ever lived, the bravest soldier, a man of the greatest honour, and one that had the most real and effectual eloquence that ever man had, not a sounding and flowing eloquence for continuate speech, but an eloquence of action, an eloquence of affairs, an eloquence that had suppressed a great mutiny with a single word 'Quirites.'

"See now whether he varied from himself at his Death. The first wound was given him in the neck by Casca who stood behind his

chair. He turned about and caught hold of his arm. 'Traitor Casca what doest thou?' The words were simple but yet what, upon study, could have been more apt to daunt the conspirators and to incite succour.

"Well, they came about him being unarmed, and as a stag at bay yet he never ceased to put himself in defence impoining of their weapons and all the means of an unarmed man, a form excellently well becoming a military man although he knew it would not help.

"At last when Marcus Brutus gave him a wound,—

'And *thou* my son!'

Noble Caesar, he had no weapon to wound Brutus again but this word wounded, this word pierced him, this word enchanted him, this word made him ever despair of a final success of the war although the cause were just and his proceeding at the first prosperous.

"This word turned itself afterwards into the likeness of an evil spirit, that appeared unto him in his tent.

"In the end Caesar's strength failed him, yet he took an honourable regard to fall in a comely manner and covered, after the manner of the apparel of that time, so as that complement, that point of honour—so great a Monarch, so great a Captain in so strong and violent an assault—forgot not at the point of death."

Bacon himself was to be an example of "fortitude" before his days were done, for, after the base political intrigue which resulted in his so-called "fall" and his life was to all intents and purposes in ruins,—having no money and never having had very much health—he pulled himself together and devoted his remaining years to unceasing literary labour.

Forbidden to come within the verge of the Court, and deprived therefore of that teeming and intense life of which London alone was then the centre, and of the company, which he had always sought, of gay and fashionable young men—he was left for solace only with his garden at Twickenham—and work.

THE WORTHIEST AFFECTION

Much of what Bacon wrote in his youth was afterwards utilised in his famous *Essays*—"the ripest of my studies" as he called them—and in some cases the art of compression which, in the meantime, he had acquired was an advantage, but when he comes to deal with "Love" the reverse would appear to be the case.

His Essay upon that subject has been derided as being merely a collection of rather cynical maxims, and if it is read not as a whole but by means of excerpts, it can no doubt be given that interpretation, but the speech 'In praise of the worthiest affection' not only expresses a more ample view but seems to be infected with a youthful rapture and even a fine passion thus:—

"Love doth so fill and possess all the powers of the mind, as it sweeteneth the harshness of all deformities. Let no man fear the yoke of fortune that is in the yoke of love. What fortune can be such a Hercules as shall be able to overcome two?

"Now therefore is love a fountain of curiosity, a most sweet ground set with infinite changes, a journey of the strangest and most varied adventures. For assuredly no person ever saw at any time the mind of another but in love."

"Who denieth but the eye is first contented in love, being fed and feasted with fresh proportionable shapes. Therefore if all delight of sense affect love, if the understanding be tributary to love, if love offereth the sweetest entertainment to him that desireth to know, the most flattering glass to him that loveth to view himself to advantage let us make our suit to love that gathereth the beams of so many pleasures."

THE WORTHIEST POWER

The speech upon "Love" is followed by that upon "Knowledge" and here one feels that it is Bacon's real opinions which are being expressed, for,—ever with him—was the mind paramount, and the intellect King.

"Are the pleasure of the affections greater than the pleasures of the senses, and are not the pleasures of the intellect greater than the pleasures of the affections. Is not that only a true and actual pleasure whereof there is no satiety?"

He goes on to say however—

"Would any man believe me if I should verify this upon the knowledge that is now in use—are we the richer by one poor invention, by reason of all the learning that hath been this many hundred years?"

He would have had no reason, had he been alive today, to be dissatisfied in that respect, but as was his wont he harped continually upon "the barreness of the way" so far as tangible results from all the learning of the schoolmen were concerned, and he proceeds therefore to say hard things about Greek Philosophy, the absurdities of the Alchemists, and what he conceived to be the manifold errors of the Astronomers of his day—"the new car men who drive the earth about" he called them, but he concludes:—

"But why do I in a Conference of Pleasure, enter into these great matters in sort that pretending to know much I should know not reason. Pardon me it was because almost all things may be indued and adorned with speeches, but knowledge itself is more beautiful than any apparel of words that can be put upon it. And let me not seem arrogant and without respect to the great reputed authors. Let me so give every man his due as I give Time his due, which is to discover Truth."

"The sovereignty of man lieth hid in Knowledge, wherein many things are reserved which Kings with their treasure cannot buy."

Alas that with all his insight Bacon was unable to perceive that the quest of Truth in the realm of natural science, which he urged with such eloquence, was being pursued successfully in front of his eyes, for the Astronomers of his day, their humble and imperfect instruments notwithstanding, were making real and lasting discoveries

and in medicine his contemporary Harvey—his own physician to boot—announced, after much patient observation and experiment, that the blood actually circulates in the human frame.

The explanation is that Bacon was not primarily a man of science at all, and it is a profound error to regard him as such. But he was the very incarnation of the discursive intelligence uniting to the highest intellectual powers the imagination of an artist and the prophetic divination of a seer.

As Macaulay has tersely expressed it "No man would go to Bacon's works to learn any particular science or art, any more than he would go to a twelve-inch globe in order to find his way from Kennington Turnpike to Clapham Common."

"The art which Bacon taught was the art of inventing arts. The knowledge in which Bacon excelled all men was a knowledge of the mutual relation of all departments of knowledge."

One might venture perhaps to complete this estimate of Macaulay by stating that Bacon's supreme gift was a literary gift, and, along with his amplitude of understanding, there went—as his contemporaries recognised—a power of expression that had not previously been granted to any human being.

THE WORTHIEST PERSON

The last of the speeches was in praise of Queen Elizabeth, who, if she were able to sit out what followed, must indeed be considered to have earned all the distinction attaching to the title "great", for with a prolixity worthy of Bernard Shaw himself Bacon had put into the mouth of the speaker of that particular oration not only a profusion of personal compliment but a prolonged discourse upon her home and foreign policy; the state of the law; her management of finance and what not, and all of which he termed "Some of the beams of her noble and radiant magnaminity."

It is patent however that he had the greatest admiration for his Queen, for her mastery of languages, for her courage and diplomatic finesse, for her prudent management of the nation's purse, and above all for having, like himself, a hatred of war, not because death was greatly to be feared, or that a good soldier is not in all respects a man but because war is so wasteful of the things that no nation can afford to waste.

A contemporary report written four days after the presentation of this Device narrates

> "That the Queen stated that if she had thought there had been so much said of her she would not have been there that night and so went to bed"

which was perhaps her inverted way of conveying to all present that she was quite well pleased, and as for Bacon no doubt he sat—Hamlet like—among the audience and watched the effect of his honeyed words upon her.

The Masque of Flowers

During the reign of James I Bacon appears once more as the producer of a *Masque of Flowers* to celebrate the nuptials of the Royal favourite Robert Carr, now Earl of Somerset, with the notorious Frances, Countess of Essex. "The fatal Countess" as Mr. William Roughead has described her in an able historical study under that title.

This amorous lady had in 1606 been betrothed, as Lady Frances Howard, a mere child, to Robert Devereux Earl of Essex, the young son of Queen Elizabeth's one time favourite, who proceeded abroad immediately after the ceremony leaving, his juvenile wife behind him.

She did not fail to improve the hours, shining and otherwise, during his six years' absence and the most devoted of her lovers was Carr.

How—husband or no—she determined to marry him and the quaint and involved legal process whereby she was freed from the unwanted bonds of her too previous matrimonial venture Mr. Roughead has set forth in his own inimitable manner.

Strangely enough it was Bacon who, as Attorney General, had to conduct some years later the prosecution of this same Earl and Countess of Essex for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury and if he had never thought of penning a tragedy it could not have been for lack of tragic material, as the basis of such, lying ready to hand.

The Masque of Flowers cost Bacon the enormous sum of £3,000—he was always too lavish in the matter of expenditure—and it is described by Miss Mary Sturt a recent biographer of him as follows:

> "The elaboration of the setting is characteristic of Bacon. He had a mind at once severely logical and fantastic. He could write or speak in the most perfectly lucid way, each point clearly distinguished and accurately stated, but he loved in a childlike way; glitter and colour, quaint conceits and elaborate ornament. His garden setting has both these qualities of his mind, the general scheme is simple, in this case traditional, but the details are of a charming elaboration and the colour and lights, silver unicorns and gold lions, are a childish dream."

PROBLEM OF A RUMINANT

By Myrl Bristol

INSPIRED by Miss Theobald's article (Summer, '51), I have been trying my best to contemplate. I reach into my mind, and what do I find? Just what you would expect. Nothing! The real self of me, that empty void—I can't bear to contemplate it!

We Americans—I offer this as an apology, and perhaps you have noticed it—we are not by nature a contemplative people. Ever observe us tourists with our chewing gum? Ruminants, that what we are—contented as Carnation cows, frisky as mountain goats, dry as camels making for an oasis—but my country, right or wrong! America, the Beautiful! My Mother-land, drunk or sober.

Having begged pardon in advance, may I offer a few ruminations upon recent contributions to Baconiana? No reader is required to believe this. He doesn't even have to read it.

First, Miss Theobald's recommendation that we contemplate "all of his (Francis Bacon's) different periods of activity," and "all these different modes of teaching which he gave forth to humanity," in order that we may understand "the true Purpose of the recorded life of Francis Bacon." Now that, I think, is one of the most "illuminating" suggestions ever printed in this journal. I, myself, unfortunately, am unable to contemplate, but I'm sure it would be nice if I could. I do not know what "harmonic" is. Is it a true thing? It might be electronic or crotonic for all I know.

But I do agree that we Baconians should read Bacon. We ought to keep in at least one of our minds what he said about reading—some books to be tasted, some swallowed, and some chewed and digested. If we apply that to only one book, in successive applications, that, you see, is "rumination." Taste it, swallow it, then go lie down in the shade and chew upon it. Try it upon the Letters, for instance; all of them, not just a nibble now and then to support some preconceived notion of our own, but just like we would go to bed with a good book. A mere taste of Bacon's letters is positively soporific, so dull, so flat, so unsavory—ugh, I mean, unflavoured. If you swallow them, however, you may be up in the night—where the heck did I put the barbituates!—they don't set well on the stomach. As Dr. Williams feared, they are too "revealing." But if, trying to digest them without benefit of sedative, you toss and turn until morning, you may leap up with a shout, "Why, the man is terrific—he ought to be in the Pictures!"

I was about to give examples, but—as Bacon forebore to complete the promised fourth part—I shall skip the demonstration. Instead,

shifting my gum, I ruminate for a bit upon Mr. Otto's presentation of the Bruton mystery. He covered the subject, and, apparently, closed it. But that just makes it cud for thought!

I happened to be in Virginia shortly after the Spring BACONIANA. I don't know why but there is something about Virginia! It is more than the "George Washington slept here" slogan-patriotism one sees up north in Boston. Somehow, you feel, "George Washington lived here!" (English readers not asked to subscribe to this sentiment.) Naturally as a duck to water, I waddled over to the College library (V.P.I. of Va., if anyone cares), and immersed my head in the early ecclesiastical history of the Old Dominion. I got myself all loaded and primed to get Mr. Otto on the anachronistic angle, but he shot first.

One or two petty details of this matter still upset me, such as this theory, hypothesis, rumour, assumption, nightmare—well, is it a fact?—that there is such a thing as the *Secret Destiny of America*. Now let's get the record straight. According to the viewpoint of this Destiny point of view (the only one from which Mrs. Hall's revelation derives significance), there has been from the days of our earliest settlers, a group working to insure—what was that again—? oh, yes—to insure a "citadel of democracy." (Some of us think the policy has run out.) These insurance agents were "the Shakespeare group" of Francis Bacon. Were they also the same group which Manly Palmer Hall mentions in *Horizon* ("Francis Bacon and his Secret Empire" Summer, 1946). This Society, he says, "still convenes in the shaded Parnassian groves", and is in reality "the Society of Hermetic Adepts the unknown philosophers."

May we combine the above assertion of Manly P. Hall with the one referring to the group who controlled the Destiny of America, and understand, as his opinion, that the same group which was trying to establish a citadel in the colonies in the 17th century, was trying to disestablish the throne in England? The connection is not apparent, but I have that missing link here, somewhere. And does Mr. Hall mean to say that "Bacon's Rebellion" of 1676 was a centennial pre-view of the American Revolution of 1776?

This group of unknown philosophers, who were writing all the literary works of England, including Shakespeare's, it is claimed, was the identical group, it is also claimed, who comprised "the original esotric nucleus of modern Freemasonry." We are told that they worked from a "master pattern" so meticulously drawn that the advent of Graham (wheat) flour as a health food in the 19th century could be foretold, foreseen and predestined, as early, at least, as 1611, when the emblematic picture of a woman holding a spray of grain (how do we know it was not Ruth with a gleaning of barley?) was first published (Johan Franco, BACONIANA, Jan., '47).

To assure that "Anne-Graham" should be unearthed as a clue to certain buried treasure, graham flour was predestined. (Those who believe in Predestination will love this!) Was it by chance, or was it also foreseen that Anne's and Graham's surname would be Frank.

("Frank" seems to be co-incidental with something or other.) How could anyone foresee that Anne and Graham would get married, or get buried, in Bruton parish? (Will not this foreordination by human agency appear slightly heretical to the Free-Will-ers?). This all hinges on names, mind you; and reminds me of Miss Theobald's, "one of the age-long methods of making such contact (with the inner contemplative Communal Mind) is through the NAME."

As to that, I can only remind ourselves that both Bacon and Shakespeare have warned us about the quagmire of misunderstanding which confronts us in names, whether names of God, or names of common things like flour. Says Bacon, "The idols imposed by words on the understanding are of two kinds. They are either names of things which do not exist . . . or they are names of things which exist, but yet confused and ill-defined and hastily derived from realities." (*Novum Organum*, Part I. Spedding. 1863). His remedy for the latter kind was to invent a better system of definition; his method of getting rid of the first was to scrap all the Idol-words, render them obsolete by rejecting as obsolete the theories with which they were identified. And do you know something—if one should inadvertently put that engine in reverse, one might jam the philosophical networks of the whole cosmos! Wouldn't that be a wonderful "relief of man's estate?" Not that the "Vote dry, drink wet" mentality would have a hard time distinguishing his master's voice amidst the resulting babble; but that all controversial static would automatically get off the air, for what radio orator would dare open his mouth, for fear a toad of false opinion would pop out. On second thought, though, it may be better to grin and bear it; because some of these days, some Charlie McCarthy of the air waves is going to orate himself into a pretty fix, open his mouth and put his foot in it! No, let's not monkey with that dial. It's fun the way it is.

Bacon is here speaking of the Idols of the Market Place, the most troublesome of all. Permit me to illustrate, if you will, how this Idol manipulates the market. Now here was the situation—someone in future ages was destined to discover the treasure, but how? There had to be links, subtle ones, but yet not too subtle—subtle in a sort of material way. It had to be a word that would link wheat grain with a lady named Anne-Graham. Any simpleton would guess at once that Graham flour would do it—if we had the flour. Since there was no word for Graham flour, it did not really exist yet, for in the beginning is the word, and if you don't have a word for it, you don't have it! We did have it, really, but we didn't know we had it, because we didn't have anything else. It was necessary, therefore, to find a godfather, obviously one named Graham, to name the flour. There was no sense in drafting a man to invent the coarse, brown stuff which was our daily bread anyhow, so, the first step was to find someone to invent something we did not have—deprive us of our whole wheat, so that later, after we had forgotten, it could be palmed off on us as something new.

How could that be accomplished? Well—anyone who had ever heard of separating wheat from chaff would inevitably have a vision of white uncontaminated with brown, and would know in his heart, besides, that he was predestined to be a benefactor of humanity—bran muffins for breakfast and white bread for dinner—soup for lunch. (This is not as silly as you think! or as you will think, when I have done.)

Now for serious economics. The production of Swansdown, Softasilk, Mother's Best, etc., involved intricate new milling processes, which called for money (called "capital" if you have any) for new factories and machinery—big chance for individual initiative and private enterprise.

Now that white flour was going to be supplied, there had to be a demand for it, so we begat that monstrous Birth in Time—the Advertising Profession. Need we go into the horrors which resulted from this sifting of the flour? the malnutrition of little children, and all that? But as evil produces good, the deteriorating health of our nation stimulated our charitable instincts, because we were driven, literally driven—Cancer Drives, T.B., Polio, Heart Disease Drives, it would drive you to drink! We have not been driven to nationalize medicine over here, yet; but you never can tell. In short, we were driven to medical research, and, well, I might as well out with it—the vitamin industry was born. So now the time was ripe for diatetics and Sylvester Graham. Now was the time to try men's souls with singing commercials, or their 19th century equivalent—all according to the pattern. Thus, along with our clue to Bruton, there was bestowed upon us the *capitalistic system*, and I says, "DOWN with it!"

Oh!—for a moment there I was carried away by my impeccable logic. But why not? The system has given us the earth and the fruits thereof. Isn't that enough? No. We can't endure this luxury much longer unless we get perspective, ruin it, in order to restore it under new auspices, by a five year plan or something. What else can we do? The system is all-pervasive. Where on earth could we go—except "on relief"—to get away from it all? No place. Unless—sa-ay! the master inventors have already been experimenting with space, and—Oh, no! don't tell me—not all this and Venus too!

We have heard of this master pattern before. That's the link. It has been mentioned in these pages as Bacon's "noble design" and as its alleged prototype, the "grand purpose" of the Pleiade. The question was raised as to whether the two things were identical, whether or not the "purpose" was prior to the "design," and whether England or France was the initiator of it. And also, whether or not this purpose was designed to overthrow the tyranny and ignorance of the English government through the instrumentality of an elevated language; and whether it was one or another embryonic fraternal society which was chosen to be the agent of destruction.

I do not question but that the standard of speech was raised, as evidenced by Shakespeare's plays, though I have read some scenes in them that made me blush, actually; but it was not until Charles lost his head that England achieved freedom from Elizabethan absolutism. The language had begun to have its uplifting effect by then—too late to benefit the colonies. The American language was already in genesis. Somehow the immigrants—they really were the backbone of old England, or from another point of view, the riff and raff from London pubs and prisons—somehow in the colonies, the elegancies and formularies of the language

sort of peeled off. We are sorry. We bemoan our lack of culture—all but a few of us 100 per cent Americans who regard anyone who speaks good English as subversive. On the whole, though, we envy you British like the dickens. When anyone offers to polish up our language French style, we protest, "Aw, leave us loin Engelish foist!" We know our limitations.

Now we have it straight, do we not? Francis Bacon's Secret Empire is the Invisible Empire that rules the Secret Destiny of America! (Oh, dear me—I hope my induction hasn't induced a fit in anyone over here.) *Still* does, from the shaded groves of—say, where *is* Parnassus, does anybody know? Are they, then, the Governors of the World which Miss Theobald, contemplating, can contact through the "inner Communal Mind?" And this same group was the original "nucleus of modern esoteric Freemasonry?" Ha! don't make me laugh! You mean these butchers, bakers and candlestick makers—my friends and good neighbours—these doctor-lawyer-merchant-chiefs whom I contact in the market place along about the first of the month when their bills come in? My word! I wouldn't call them modern. Their all-perfect ignorance of modern art and music and the finer things is unbelievable. And as for the high life of spirit, huh! From what I know about the Masons (and I know plenty!) they are about as "esoteric" as an old shoe. I am speaking of the "regular" Masons, of course.

But I had better get back to the Bruton churchyard—kinda spooky, isn't it, tampering with the graves of the dead and gone? This America, this Destiny—it is no small thing we are considering. This whole discussion of the Bruton mystery, it seems to me, tends to lay the blame for the U.S.A. upon the Masons. Seems to me that is quite a load of glory laid on those *manly* shoulders—which ought to be able to carry it, seeing as how they are not burdened with much of anything else.

Notwithstanding, conclusive as the proofs seem to be, I don't believe a word of it. I'll tell you why. I have had some dealing with the brethren, strictly in the way of business, darn it!—and I won't admit I'm sore, but I will confess I am a little put out with them. I myself was jangling some pretty fancy keys, I thought, along lines similar to Marie's (I call her Marie as a friend, so she will not imagine I am jealous), and tried to ask them about some of these historical facts. They just waggled their ears at me, and wouldn't tell me a thing. What's more, you can't tell them anything!—or that has been my experience. Show them a record, and they want to see a record of the record. I never could get anywhere with a Mason in an affair of that kind, and you know how it is with us girls, we will take anything from a man except a brushoff. And that's why I ask you—what has Marie got that I haven't got, besides being good looking? Why would they listen to her, and treat me like a step-child? Why are they so plaguyoned interested in proving that their secret is buried under the tower of Old Bruton? And why are the G-men gumshoeing around, reputedly—I suppose that is the "high government circle" referred to by Mr. Otto.

One more question occurs to me. Are these Hermetic Adepts the same group that Miss Theobald can contact through the Communal Mind? Are they the Governors of the World? Well, as Emilia says, "the world's a huge thing," and I says it is in a huge mess. If they are the Governors, why haven't they been governing lately? Why don't they look down from their shaded groves on Parnassus—sa-ay! *Mount* Parnassus? That's where the flying horse got stalled, wasn't it?—made him so mad he pawed up the ground, and struck a gusher.

This gets me down because it is all so—so haywire! But I will rise to the occasion—ever see a cow rise, resting her weight on her elbows?——and bawl just one word, *Moo*! to all that. There's a flaw in the "erntment", as Jimmy the Nazo would say. The Hermetic philosophers, I don't care how many times they are blessed, are not on Mount Parnassus. Or, if they are, how did they get *delated*! Of course, Hermes, son of Zeus, was a delator *par excellence*, being the messenger boy of the gods, commuted back and forth between the gods and mortal men, was himself the god of commerce and medicine—oh, migosh! here we are back to the market place—and also was patron of thieves, robbers, and cheats and such like. But he did not inhabit Parnasuss. It was his brother, Apollo, who was chummy with the Nine Sisters. I doubt if Hermes even made their acquaintance, unless while delivering a singing telegram from the gods, assembled over on the other hill.

I'm all bemused and bewildered, but by Jupiter *Pluvius*—ah, well! pardon my profanity. I guess what I found out in Virginia is too long a story to tell. You wouldn't believe me—nobody believes anybody any more. Take Sunday, for instance—know what I heard on the Quiz Kids Program? The teacher, the dope, held that "My kingdom for a horse!" was quoted from *Henry VI*, and he kept on holding it. He couldn't make the kid believe him. That just goes to show.

Aren't you tired of all this yah-yahing and nah-nahing? I am. Who knows anything? Lets's look at the record. My authority (Campbell, Charles. History of the colony and ancient dominion of Virginia. Lippincott, 1860. p. 343-344) disagrees with Mr. Otto's "local history." Campbell, Charles, says that Nathaniel, Sr. was buried beside his wife, who was Elizabeth, daughter of Richard *Kingsmill*, Esq., of James City County. Elizabeth's tombstone is still intact at the burial place, or it was in 1860. The place was *King's Creek*. Kingsmill, King's Creek—it may be all the same to you, "but, ah, the difference to me!"—in a pig's eye! Why be picayunish about stuff? Say, know what a picayune is? It's an ancient Spanish copper coin with a French name, once current in New Orleans, worth half a dime, or some say six cents; now a collectors' item, as our present 5c. piece is on the way to becoming, because it won't buy anything, on account of the inflation. If you are picayunish, you are not valuable. To be blunt, you are a triflin', no 'count bum. But I imagine Mrs. Hall meant only that picayunish people are too fussy about trifles. Which they are.

One word more. If our editor found it difficult to believe that there were two Nathaniel Bacons in Virginia at that period, what will he believe when he learns that there were three? The criminal record of the third one," believed to have been a near relative of the celebrated Sir Francis Bacon," may be found in "the first of the fine volumes printed for His Majesty's Stationery Office, London, 1908, under the title 'Acts of the Privy Council of England: Colonial Series.' (*Op.cit.*, p. 385)

I could chat on and on—but I just remembered something I read ui the Iowa Law Review—that's what I say, we ought to read Bacon as a lawyer, as well as a poet, philosopher, and scientist. The story was about how once, when he was Lord High Chancellor of England, a plaintiff presented his plea in a great tome, hundreds of pages of manuscript. Bacon fined him for contempt of court.

I cease and desist. But not without a quotation, vying with Mr. Otto—no, after all—anyone can read it for himself, if he can read. Sonnet LVIV. It is modern in its implications—not to say esoteric!

Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate.

FRANCIS BACON'S ASSOCIATION WITH GRAY'S INN

By W. Holden, M.B.E.

A Talk given in a Discussion Group meeting in August, by the Librarian of Gray's Inn,

IN the Records of the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn you will find no fewer than forty-four entries under the name of Bacon, and of these eight bear the Christian name of Francis, but *the* Francis Bacon was admitted to Gray's Inn on the 27th of June, 1576, at the age of fifteen years,(1) and within a few months of his admission, whilst staying in France, was admitted to the Grand Company of Ancients and freed from all vacations; the Order of Pension, dated 21st November, 1576, granting this privilege reads as follows:—

> "It is Ordered that Mr. Edward Bacon shalbe admitted in My Lorde Kepers Chamber in the absenc of Mr. Nicholas Bacon his sonne & that Mr. Anthony Bacon shalbe admitted in the same chamber in the absenc of Mr. Nathaniell Bacon."
>
> "It is further ordered that all his sonnes now admitted of the housse viz:—Nicholas, Nathaniell, Edward, Anthonye & Francis shalbe of the Graund Company and not to be bound to any vacations."

So now we see that some five months after his admission he was granted special privilege on account of his father. There are apparently good grounds for the belief that Francis Bacon was, for his father's and his uncle's sake, treated somewhat as a favoured child by the Society. On the other hand it is absolutely true to say that in his middle life Francis Bacon repaid this indulgence by ungrudging service.

In 1580 he took up residence in the Inn and was again the recipient of special favour, and granted special admittance on account of his health. According to Spedding the explanation of his special admittance was that Bacon's mother said that he Francis Bacon suffered from indigestion caused by untimely going to bed, then musing *'nescio quid,'* when he should sleep, and then in consequence by late rising and long laying in bed. That being so, the granting of this special admittance would meet the case as it freed him from the obligation of keeping Commons and enabled him to choose his diet. The Order of Pension dated the 13th May, 1580, reads:—

> "Mr. Francis Bacon in respect of his healthe is allowed to have the benefitt of a speciall admittance with all benefitts and privileges to a speciall admittance belongeng, for the fyne of xls."

Francis Bacon was called to the Bar on the 27th of June, 1583, that being seven years to the day from the date of his admission. Here at least there was no question of favour, for his call was certainly

(1) The same year as he came down from Cambridge University.

not expedited, but he was further favoured when on the 10th of February, 1586, he was given a place at the Reader's table; this was also by Order of Pension, which reads:—

> "At this Pension it is allowed that Mr. Francis Bacon maie have place with the Readers att the Reders table but not to have any voyse in pencon nor to wynne ancientie of any that is his ancient or shall read before him."

and twenty-two months later, on the 23rd of November, 1587, Francis Bacon was appointed Reader, and on the 21st of November, 1588, he was granted chambers in the Inn. In 1590 he was Dean of the Chapel, and although I have found no record of his appointment to this office, it is recorded in the minutes of Pension, dated 11th November, 1590, that auditors were appointed to take the accounts of Mr. Bacon, Dean of the Chapel, and at the same Pension, Mr. Pelham was chosen Dean of the Chapel. On the 19th November of the same year Francis Bacon was chosen receiver of the admittance money. In the year 1594 he was acting or Deputy-Treasurer, and on the 14th November, 1599 he was chosen as Double Reader. Francis Bacon became Treasurer on the 17th of October in the year 1608, and for some eight years, at a time when the post could give him no extra prestige, he served in that office and sat with regularity at Pensions until his appointment as Attorney-General, and although he then did not attend Pensions he continued to take great interest in the domestic life of his Inn. That is, I think, Ladies and Gentlemen, an almost complete chronological survey of Francis Bacon's appointments and offices held during his association with Gray's Inn.

Francis Bacon was, in spite of the family Puritanism, prominent in organizing masques for the students to perform, and in the year 1613 he used his influence against a policy of economy in regard to one of them. Further, it is recorded that when the Maske of Flowers was performed by members of Gray's Inn at Whitehall, owing to the difficulty of meeting the expenses of a previous maske, Francis Bacon undertook the whole charge of the performance which according to a contemporary letter of Chamberlain's (State Papers) amounted to over £2,000. In the year 1887 this Maske was repeated in Gray's Inn Hall on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Thomas Fuller (Church history) also bears witness to Bacon's freehanded disposition with these words "He and his servants had all in common; the men never wanting what their Master had, and thus what came flowing into him was sent flying away from him who in giving rewards knew no bounds but the bottom of his own purse." It is, I feel, worthy of record that, in a letter dated 1594, Lady Bacon wrote to her son Anthony, saying

> "I trust that they will not mum, nor masque, nor sinfully revel at Gray's Inn"

thus showing to some extent the family Puritanism mentioned in respect of Bacon's interest in Masques.

When one reads into the records of Gray's Inn and Francis Bacon's association with it it becomes abundantly clear that the credit

(continued on p. 205)

With acknowledgements to Mr. H. S. Gibbard, Secretary, National Dahlia Society, 65, Woodstock Rd., Wembley.

The Late Mr. VALENTINE SMITH

Hon. Sec. of the Francis Bacon Society and its mainstay over many years. He died on August 15th last, deeply regretted by his many friends and admirers. (*See Obituary, p.* 220)

THE ADMISSION REGISTER OF GRAY'S INN SIGNED BY FRANCIS BACON UNDER EACH SEPARATE ENTRY

[illegible] has been reproduced kindly presented to the Society by Mr W. H. [illegible] the owner of which [illegible] the autographs of Francis Bacon [illegible] Register [illegible] admitted to the Inn

MR. LEWIS BIDDULPH

The earliest living member of the Francis Bacon Society and its Hon. Treasurer from 1928 until recently, when advancing years and ill-health compelled him to resign his onerous task. The thanks of the Society are accorded to Mr. Biddulph for his long service and invaluable aid. For some years he also edited

(*continued from page* 200)

for the laying out of the Gardens and Walks in Gray's Inn was especially due to Francis Bacon, and as early as 1591 it would seem that preliminary steps were being taken and that Francis Bacon was one of the surveyors, but it was not until 1598 that the work began to make progress and in that your Francis Bacon was paid £7 15s. 4d. for planting trees etc. in the Walks, and among the items charged in the account were the following which, I feel sure, will be of particular interest to those of us who from time to time pay varying sums for small plants for our gardens:—

xvi cherry trees at xiid the tree	xvis.	16s.
cxx standards of roses	xiis. vid.	12s. 6d.
xxm of privye ay iis. the m	xls.	11s.
For pincks Violetts & primroses	viis.	7s.

Then in 1609 Bacon erected a summer house in memory of Jeremy Bettenham. This summer house was seen by Dodsley (London and its Environs) a hundred and fifty years later.

After his fall, sitting in a chamber overlooking the walks he had planned, Francis Bacon, now Viscount St. Albans wrote in his Essay *of Gardens*

> "I wish also in the very middle of a fair mount with three ascents and alleys, enough for four to walk abreast; which I would have to be perfect circles, without bulwarks or embossments: and the whole mount to be thirty foot high, and some fine banqueting house, with some chimneys neatly cast and without too much glass."

This however, was for a "princely garden" and the mount he had erected at Gray's Inn seems from the view in Stow's Survey in 1755 to have been on a smaller scale.

And finally, a word about the buildings associated with Bacon. Francis Bacon at one time lodged with Mr. Fulwood in Fulwood House, but as I have stated previously he was granted chambers in the Inn, and he lived in what is now known as No. 1, Gray's Inn Square, and the majority of the entries in the Records that refer to Bacon's Buildings are concerned solely with change of tenancies. It was in 1683 that a fire broke out in Bacon's Buildings; actually it started about 6 o'clock in the morning in the chambers of Sir John Bowles, which were on the second pair of stairs. Owing to lack of water it burnt furiously and destroyed two or three whole staircases. Three persons were killed, and as the Library was on the same floor as Bacon's Chambers, presumably it was in this fire that the old records of the Society were lost. One wonders, as there seems to be no record of any loss of papers or property which had belonged to Francis Bacon, whether perhaps the world of literature was not made the poorer by the destruction of some incomplete work or MSS. which Francis Bacon may have been working upon at his death. This is, of course, mere conjecture, but it is a possibility, as many of his letters are dated from Gray's Inn (See Spedding's *Life of Bacon*) and many of his works were written there.

In the year 1622, after his fall, he wrote to Sir Francis Cottington:—

"Myself for quiet and better to hold out am retired to Gray's Inn, for when my chief friends were gone so far off it was time for me to go to a cell."

In his Will he further demonstrated his charitable disposition by the following clause:

"I will also that my executors sell my chambers in Gray's Inn, which (now the lease is full) I conceive may yield some three hundred pounds: one hundred pounds for the ground floor, and two hundred pounds for the third and fourth stories, which money, or whatsoever it be, I desire my executors to bestow, for some little present relief, upon twenty-five poor scholars in both Universities: fifteen for Cambridge and ten for Oxenford."

The Name of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, during his life and for all time brought fame to the Society with which he so fully identified himself and, if the charitable judgment for which he asked be anywhere denied him, it will not be among those who have an affection for Gray's Inn.

Editorial Note..—As a tailpiece to Mr. Holden's record of Francis Bacon and Gray's Inn a very interesting discovery was published in BACONIANA in March 1924 (vol. XVII Third Series) by "J.R." of Gray's Inn, offering almost irrefutable evidence, it would seem, that the author of *The Winter's Tale* was a member of the Inn, and that the member was Francis Bacon. "J.R." cites Act iv. Sc. 3 of the Play in question:

Shep: My business, sir, is to the king.
Aut: What advocate hast thou to him?
Shep: I know not, an't like you.
Clo: Advocate's the Court word for a pheasant.

It so happens that the clue to this apparently meaningless quip, put in the mouth of the Clown, can be found in the records of Gray's Inn. In 1608, Peter Phesant, Fesant, or Pheasant, was called to the bar at Gray's Inn and later became a judge of Common Pleas. The Phesants or Pheasants were a well-known legal family, all connected with the Inn, and whose Records are contained in Pension Books of the Inn. An entry in which the name of "Fesant" first appears is dated 21st November 1576. After a statement that the four sons of Sir Nicholas Bacon, *viz.*, Nicholas, Nathaniel, Anthony and Francis, were that day admitted to the Grand Company, there is a note of a certificate signed by "Peter Fesant" and two other barristers that they had duly mooted and prepared their exercises. This said Peter in 1581 was elected Reader, having become a Bencher, his name entered as present at many Pensions, and as sitting with Francis Bacon who was also elected a Bencher in 1586. This Peter Fesant died in 1587, but his son, also named Peter, was admitted a student in 1602 and called to the bar in 1608. A Jasper Ffeasant acting as a judge in 1550 was probably father to the first Peter. They were in fact a distinguished legal family and the two Peters were evidently well-known to Francis Bacon. As "J.R." remarks, the allusion in *Winter's Tale* of "Advocate" and "Pheasant" is pointless as it stands but as a jocular "leg-pull" as we would call it to-day in the vernacular, it at once explains the reference. The surname, Fesant, Ffeasant, Phesant, and Pheasant is spelt thus indifferently in the Pension Book of Gray's Inn, and this subtle piece of humour points very plainly to the authorship of *The Winter's Tale*, which was first acted in 1610-1.

BACON'S LICENCE TO TRAVEL BEYOND THE SEAS

by R. L. Eagle

The Letters Patent dated 30th June, 1576, at the Record Office, contain the terms of the licence granted to Francis Bacon to travel on the Continent for the period of three years.

The document is as follows:

"Elizabeth, by the Grace of God: To all and singular our Justices of the Peace, Mayors, Sheriffs, Bailiffs, Constables, Customers, Comptrollers and Searchers, and all other our officers, ministers and subjects to whom it shall appertain, and to every of them, greeting.

Whereas we have licensed our well-beloved *Edward Bacon* and *Francis Bacon*, sons of our right trusty and well-beloved counsellor Sir Nicholas Bacon, Knight, Keeper of our Great Seal of England, to depart out of this our realm of England into the part of beyond the seas, and there for their increase in knowledge and experience to remain the space of three years next and immediately following after their departure. We will and command you, and every of you, to suffer them with their Servants, six horses or geldings, three score pounds in money, and all other their bag and baggage and necessaries quietly to pass by you without any your let, stay or interruption, and these our letters or the duplicate of them shall be as well unto you for suffering them to pass as unto them for their going and remaining beyond the seas all the time above limited sufficient warrant and discharge.

In witness whereof,

Witness ourself at Westminster, the 30th day of June."

The brothers landed at Calais on 25th September, 1576, with Sir Amias Paulet, the recently appointed ambassador to the Court of Henry III at Paris. They appear to have parted company shortly afterwards as we know from a letter of John Sturmius to Lord Burghley that Francis' half-brother, Edward, was at Strasburg in December 1577 (State Papers Foreign, 5th December 1577). Edward was the youngest of the three half-brothers of Francis, and the only one for whom he seems to have felt attachment. He was educated at Westminster and early in 1576 became Member of Parliament for Great Yarmouth. He followed Francis Bacon in 1584 as Member for Melcombe Regis—and both were nominees of the Earl of Bedford who controlled the representation of this Seat.

In 1597, Anthony Bacon wrote to Robert Cecil on behalf of Edward, asking Cecil to use his influence for the appointment of Edward's son to the office of "clerkship of the alienations," which office had been held by Edward. Anthony also wrote to Essex a similar request, mentioning Edward as being "well deserving on account of the brotherly offices which he had often performed to my brother Francis." Edward's son obtained the office. This correspondence is at Lambeth Palace, Vol xv, fo. 63-65. It can also be read in Birch's *Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. II, pp. 337-8.

Anthony described Edward, in his letter to Cecil, as "my most kind and best-deserving half-brother." There was a close and affectionate

tie between Edward, Francis, and Anthony, and this is something which calls for investigation. What was the nature of the business which bound them so closely? What was Edward's occupation, and on what did he exist? Sir Nicholas left him nothing in his will—not so much as a reversion. Why was he thus cut off? At one time Edward held a lease of Twickenham Park where the Bacon scriptorium was established. Was Edward one of the "good pens" working with Francis?

Bacon's licence to travel is also interesting as showing that even in those times there were restrictions as to the amount of money and property one might take out of the country. £60, which represents about £250, would not go far between two young men in providing their requirements for three years! Money must have been advanced to them from time to time by some means—probably through Sir Amias Paulet.

Editorial Note

[Mr. Eagle throws an interesting sidelight on Francis Bacon's first visit to France in 1576, in the entourage of Sir Amyas Paulet, though why there was such an interregnum between the issue of the Letters Patent on June 30th and their actual landing at Calais nearly three months later, is somewhat of a puzzle. Does it necessarily follow that because the Letters Patent, granted in June, permitting this travel of the three Bacons that in fact they sailed together with Sir Amyas Paulet? Mr. Eagle says they both landed at Calais on 25th Sept. 1576. What is his evidence to this effect? By both he means Anthony I presume. The position of Sir Amyas is also a riddle. Why was he appointed an Ambassador Extraordinary five months before the existing Ambassador, Dr. Dale, vacated his position? Why was he especially selected for the post, unless it were related to the fact that he had previously been Francis' French tutor, as also in his entourage was another tutor Mr. Duncombe? And why was the Ambassador-to-be sent across in almost princely style on the battleship *Dreadnought*, specially commissioned for the purpose according to the *Acts of Privy Council*, 1576? If Francis were a royal prince this bear-leading can be understood, as also Francis having the privilege of kissing the Queen's Royal Hand before leaving. Can Mr. Eagle answer these conundrums, which puzzle many?—EDITOR.

CONTROVERSY WITH A "DOUBTING THOMAS"

By T. WRIGHT

The following notes were written to a friend in a running discussion on several aspects of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy, which may be of interest to readers of BACONIANA, *particularly those who may be new-comers to the subject. The discussion started when the author drew attention to the last word* (*FREE*) *of the first play* (The Tempest) *in the* 1623 *Folio, and showed that this represented the signature of Francis Bacon, as resolved by the simple and reverse counts in code. The friend's objections are given in italics.*

(1) *The code signature . . does not constitute a two-way code.* The two-way code presumes a prearranged understanding, between certain persons, as to the technique employed. This was not possible in Bacon's plan: he concealed in his writings that which he wanted to impart to *posterity* only, and it was designedly hidden from his contemporaries, with the exception of his few confidants. Dr. Rawley, his closest confidant, continued the use of the cipher work after Bacon's death. Bacon, however, prepared the way for the eventual *denouement* by writing openly about ciphers, first generally, and later in detail, particularly of the Bi-literal Cipher, immediately before the issue of the First Folio, 1623. He referred to six different ciphers, as though he had made use of all six, although he did not indicate, except to his confidants, that he was actually using them. He evidently intended the secret to be handed down to succeeding generations until the time he had appointed for the revelation; but this purpose must have miscarried and the secret become lost. The mystery of Bacon's life, however, together with the obvious mystery of the "Works of Shakespeare" caught the attention of literary students, and research followed, with the result that at least four kinds of ciphers have been found—the Word Cipher, the Bi-literal, the numerical, the acrostic. The use of ciphers was no novelty in early days and it reached its peak in Elizabethan times, where it found its place in State and private communications, love sonnets, epitaphs and even recreation —much as does our crossword of today. The numerical cipher was in general use and men were known and spoken of by the number value of their names. This figures largely in the Plays—the mispagination in the 1623 Folio is part of the method.

(2) *FREE is far from being the only word that would give FRANCIS BACON in your code.* True, that '33' and '67' can be made to represent other names and words—not without difficulty, but the frequent juggling with these in the Plays puts the matter far more strongly than accident or coincidence. Here is just one instance, from *Love's Labour's Lost,* and remember that 33 in simple count is BACON—

Comedies (in the original Folio, 1623) p. 136, 1st col.—The 33rd line counting both up and down reads—

"What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?"

Ab backwards = **bA**

Horn is the letter sign **CON** used in 15th and 16th centuries and called a 'horn'

Therefore you get BACON.

For an acrostic, here is one from *The Tempest*—

Comedies (in the original Folio, 1623) p. 2., 1st col.—The 33rd line counting both up and down, starts the following—

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet

=BACON—(black letters are mine).

But there are many instances such as these. Dr. Rawley wrote that Bacon marked all his plays; and there is reason to believe that his writings teem with his marks.

(3) *The Epilogue of* The Tempest *is so different from most of the play that the actor or stage-manager who wrote it might well have embodied the name of the play's real author.* I cannot agree with the implication that the Epilogue could have been written by somebody other than Shakespeare. The play was never printed until it appeared in the Folio 1623, *i.e.* seven years after Shakespeare's death. True a version was *played* before the King in 1611, but it cannot have been written before 1610, for it was in 1610 or later that the Virginia Company's venture was made, when their ship was wrecked on the Bermudas. (The "still vexed Bermoothes"—Bacon was a member of the Company). But, by that time, Shakespeare was back in Stratford from London, taking not the least vestige of interest in literature, but rather in money-lending and petty law-actions against debtors. He left no directions for the completion or disposal of his plays after death; his will makes no mention of any MSS., documents, plays or books. If it is suggested that any part of the plays (Folio) is not Shakespeare's work, then, of course, there is the tacit admission that the authorship of Bacon can be considered.

(4) *Show me equal writing (to Shakespeare's)—such a writer could not conceal his genius—and I' ll believe the same hand wrote it.* If, as is claimed, the poetic section of Bacon's great life's work for the *Advancement of Learning* of his fellow-countrymen (and of the world) is represented by the Works of Shakespeare, it will not be possible to produce, as evidence of his being a poet, any other works of a similar character. It can, however, be shown (a) that Bacon wrote of himself as being a "concealed poet," (b) that Bacon was regarded by contemporaries as the greatest of poets, (c) that many of the choicest portions of Shakespeare's Works are duplicated in the acknowledged writings of Bacon and in other of his writings attributed to other writers, and (d) that there are so many parallelisms of thought, subject matter and diction, in the Plays and Bacon's writings, that it is impossible to resist the conviction that Bacon was as capable of writing the Plays as was Shakespeare. Here are a few samples of parallelism—

Tempest

"The ivy which had hid my princely trunk
And sucked my verdure out on't."

History of Henry VII (BACON)

"It was ordained that this winding-ivy of a Plantagenet should kill the tree itself."

Tempest

"When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh?"

Natural History (BACON)	"The people that dwell at the foot of snow mountains, or otherwise upon the ascent, especially the women, by drinking snow-water, have great bags hanging under their throats."
Love's Labour's Lost (MS of Bacon's)	"Honorificabilitudinitatibus." "Hcnorificabilitudino"
Love's Labour's Lost	"A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise."
Promus (BACON)	'Food is wholesome which comes from a dirty hand"
Henry VI (Part *II*)	"As the mournful crocodile With sorrow snares relenting passengers."
Essay on 'Wisdom' (BACON)	"It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour."

(5) *Seeing that the plays were only published many years after they were written, it would have been easy to add code words, acrostics, etc., at the time of printing.* Some Plays were published within a year or so of first appearing; some, though played, had to wait longer, or until the Folio 1623, before being printed; some were printed but never played (*i.e.* at the time of the Folio 1623). Of the 36 Plays in the Folio, 1623—

16 had been previously printed (as quartos);
4 though printed before, now appeared in new form;
16 were newly published for the first time (6 having not been heard of before).

In some cases the Plays printed previously, ran into succeeding editions (as many as six). Most of these editions were "newly corrected and augmented" or bore evidence of alteration; yet in the Folio they appeared still further altered, *severely* in some instances. Here is what happened to the quartos printed 1619-1622 (*i.e.* since Shakespeare's death)—

Merry Wives of Windsor—1,081 lines added and portion of text rewritten.
Henry VI (Part II)—1,139 new lines, a new title, 2,000 lines emended.
Henry VI (Part III)—906 new lines and a new title.
King John—1,100 new lines and a new scene.
Richard III—193 new lines, nearly 2,000 lines emended.
Othello—160 new lines and alterations in the text (although *Othello* first appeared only *one year* before).

Who did all this and for what purpose? It is to be much questioned that it was necessary for the actual needs of the Stage: it certainly was not necessary for the money-making side of it. But, when it is allowed that the Plays were a definite part of Bacon's life-work for the 'Advancement of Learning,' and that, from their first inception, he was infolding in them the secret of the true history of his times, and particularly of his own tragic life, it can readily be seen that there was definite purpose in these alterations. As Bacon's secret was known only to his most-intimates, I don't see how anyone else could have changed the cipher; or, even if that were possible, why he should have so wanted to do.

You must not think of the acrostic, BACON, etc., as code or cipher, so much as a signpost, pointing the already-curious reader to the signature. Such a reader would already be on the look-out, having noticed

clues such as mispaginations, entries on certain lines, particular subject-matter of the text at that point, etc. The word FREE, being the last word, would appear to be in the normal place of a signature.

But the Bi-literal and Word Ciphers were something quite different, and far more important. Bacon used these for conveying to "posterity," while concealing it from his contemporaries, the truth concerning himself; his Royal birth; his right to be King; secrets of State concerning Queen Elizabeth, his mother; the true history of certain important happenings; and the exposure of the wrongs done him. Added to this, he hoped to bring to the knowledge of "posterity" his authorship of literature accredited to Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Burton. (The cipher runs through all these.)

(6) *My old friend belonged to a group who firmly believed the Plays had been written by Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, and also supported their argument with code messages.* With all due respect to your friend, it is difficult to treat the Oxfordian's claims seriously. You suggested they based their belief partly on "code messages." Not so much "messages" I suggest, as signature *words*, as in the case of the name Bacon. I am sure you would not even be amused at some of their efforts. For example, they say the frequent occurrence, in the text, of words such as 'every,' 'very' 'ever' 'several,' are probably puns on VERE! Then they say, take the word 'EVERY'; discard last letter; put first letter at end; and there you have VERE=Oxford's name! Well, we will take the same word 'EVERY'; discard the first and last letters, getting VER=Verulam=Francis Bacon! But the Earl died in 1604 *i.e.* twelve years before Shakespeare died, and nineteen years before the Folio, 1623, appeared. As for the Plays appearing after the Earl's death, well, it is said, either "they should never have been included with the rest of Shakespeare's" or "the Earl's widow had a hand in the business," or at any rate, "the question of authorship of these later Plays was not pressing and need not be decided!"

(7) *Bacon was a very notorious man.* By that I presume you mean that Bacon was known to have lapsed morally, and you have in mind primarily Lord Macaulay's essay of 1837. This essay was simply infamous rhetoric, which twisted the facts of the times, distorted the truth and suppressed vital evidence, in order obviously to blacken Bacon's character. Here you have the explanation for the prevailing belief that Francis Bacon was little more than a prosy philosopher and a corrupt judge; and thereby causing the average lover of literature to have no use for Bacon. Oxford University relegated Macaulay's writings to the "Not trustworthy for History" shelves. Lord Acton described Macaulay as "utterly base, contemptible and odious." Winston Churchill, in *Marlborough and His Times* wrote, "Macaulay, with his captivating style and devasting self-confidence was the prince of literary rogues who always preferred the tale to the truth, and smirched or glorified great men according as they affected his drama."

Macaulay enlarged upon Pope's line "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind" interprting "meanest" as ignobleness of mind, character or spirit, whereas he could have known that the meaning intended was "humblest." Pope applied the word "meanest" to himself—

(a) O may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last the meanest of your sons inspire.—(*Essay on Criticism*)

(b) Mean tho' I am, not wholly so
Since quickened by thy breath.—(*Universal Prayer*)

Of Dryden, his hero and master, Pope wrote—

Ill-fated Dryden! who unmoved can see
Th' extremes of wit and meanness joined in thee.

As regards the charges against Bacon that brought about his fall politically, any unbiased reader of the actual proceedings can see the affair to have been just a devilish political intrigue—as it was regarded at the time. In the matter of the accusation of ingratitude towards Essex, here again, a little research shows that the ingratitude was rather to be found with Essex, who must have known that Bacon often and often importuned Queen Elizabeth on his behalf, even at risk to himself.

In view of your admission of the "little I know of him," I am surprised to find you so readily saying that Bacon was a "dirty dog" who let down every one of his friends—"too selfish for such love" (as shown in the Sonnets)—"a great lover, even of an actor," etc. What you know of him must certainly be very little. Plenty has been written by reliable people to show that all this has *no foundation whatever*. Let me be content to quote the recorded utterance of Sir Tobie Matthew, a very close and trusted friend of Bacon's and a man of accepted integrity—

> "I never saw in him any trace of a vindictive mind, never even heard him utter a word to any man's disadvantage, from personal feeling . . It is not his Greatness that I admire but his Virtue; it is not the favours I have received from him—infinite though they be, but it is his whole life and character that have thus enthralled and enchained my heart."

These are tremendous sentiments for a public man of high repute and they cannot be lightly brushed aside.

(8) *You have not mentioned the Sonnets.* I did not mention these, because you had not done so. But here you have a big and important matter, and perhaps the one which most disturbs the Stratfordians' allegiance to the uneducated man of Stratford. Sonnets 153 and 154 must certainly be a stumbling-block, for there you have the really classical scholar trying his hand at an English paraphrase of an epigram in Greek anthology—and in alternative versions, too. But the Shakespeare myth must be maintained at all costs! Having (as Bacon wrote) that "pernicious predetermination" fixed in their minds, the Stratfordians refuse to consider the "weight of instances to be found on the other side," and so, 340 years after the event, they are still floundering in the mire of their own creation. And what mire it is too! Dark ladies, maids-of-honour of easy virtue, procreation ideals, envious jealousy of rival poets, and the unclean love of a man for a boy! All this seriously put forward in explanation of some of the world's most sublime poetry! Woe is orthodoxy! But a certain Stratfordian, who had examined some of the Baconian evidence yet without conviction, was, in 1929, studying the Sonnets, when, "thoroughly unexpectedly" and to his "utter consternation," he discovered their secret. He has written of his finding in an abridged edition of *Shakespeare's Secret Sonnet Diary* (Alfred Dodd). He shows that, in 1609, a book, *Shake-speare's Sonnets* was entered at Stationers' Hall, but that it was not published until 1625, and then only as a limited edition for Bacon's secret societies. Then, nothing further transpired until 1640, when the secret society Rosicrosse, reprinted the Sonnets and published them openly. In this edition, however the sequence of the several Sonnets was deliberately jumbled into the disorder we now have, this being a precaution against the premature discovery of their secret, which was intended to be for "posterity." Dodd puts them back into

the order in which they were in the *original manuscript*, and so read they present a moving picture of the pathos of somebody's personal life, which students of Bacon have little difficulty in recognising is his. Sonnet XXIII becomes the original No. 1, and shows the Poet addressing the Reader and exhorting him to "learn to read" and "hear with eyes" Dodd explains that this means that the reader is to search for enfolded messages, of which there are many, but in this abridged edition he gives only a mere indication. The author is a Mason and, to me, it seems that he has had access to information not available to the ordinary reader. I am convinced that Bacon entrusted his secrets to the keeping of his secret society, for them to reveal the truth at the appointed time; and that, although this intention miscarried, there still are certain persons—no doubt in the ranks of the present-day Masons—who know something of Bacon's secrets. You will recall that the Sonnets were first issued only to the secret society, and, evidently, the enfolded secret messages are mainly addressed to them and their successors. It is a wonderful little book, which thrilled me. I had already been prepared, as it were, for my approval of Alfred Dodd, by my reading of his *Martyrdom of Francis Bacon*, and the correspondence I have had with him has confirmed my good opinion.

(9) *It is accepted that Shakespeare, the actor, travelled abroad and that as a servant of a great house in London, acting before everybody including the Queen, he might, if clever enough, have picked up a lot.* Yes, accepted by the wishful-thinking Stratfordians only, for there is not a scrap of evidence in support of any of this. The actor's most quoted biographer (of course a Stratfordian) Sidney Lee, wrote—"It is unlikely that Shakespeare ever set foot on the Continent of Europe." By "servant of a great house" I presume you mean, an actor in the patronage of some great personage, which patronage was necessary to safeguard the actor from being apprehended as a 'rogue and vagabond,' as the Law defined him. As to acting "before everybody including the Queen," the Diary of Philip Henslowe, the most important theatre proprietor of the time, has copious allusions to nearly all the dramatists and actors of the period, but it *never* mentions Shakespeare, either as actor or author. There were eighty performances at Court between 1597 and 1616 (Shakespeare's death) by the Company with which Burbage was connected—and therefore Shakespeare—but again, there is never a mention of Shakespeare.

Shakspere the young countryman disappeared from Stratford at the end of 1587, and reappeared, in London, at the end of 1592, when we first hear of him as an actor. Tradition (traced to his Godson) gave his first employment in London as that of horse-boy, and his first connection with the theatre as a servant. His advancement from the one to the other, and then on to actor must have covered a measure of time. As an actor he would spend most of the year touring the provinces with his company. Yet somewhere here, to meet the Orthodox view, he must find time for educating himself as a classical scholar; a legal luminary; a courtier; a dramatist; and yet leave time for writing the six Plays that had appeared by 1592. Of course, it can't be done! Orthodoxy has tacitly admitted this to be so, when they explain (from the last ditch) that it was Genius that made it possible! Genius can only work on a basis already there: it does not enable a man to read the Classics in the original Greek, without having learnt Greek: nor reveal to him geographical, historical and social facts that have their origin abroad and could, then, be known only by actual presence abroad and the ability to speak and read the

foreign languages. Genius could not have put into the Plays, published only after Shakespeare's death, facts that did not occur or were not known before then. Genius however, did make use of that prodigy of energy and learning—Francis Bacon; but, at the age of 15, he had learnt all that Cambridge University could teach him, whereas the man of Stratford was, at about the same age, serving as a butcher's apprentice.

(10) *If I could see some of Bacon's authentic writings and recognise in them the genius that glows in the Sonnets and Plays, I would need no other evidence.* Well, I think you may rest assured on that, for, long before the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy existed, the poet Shelley wrote as follows, and there is no reason to think that Shelley had access to any more writings by Bacon than those available for you today, and, remember, these are not poetry, as such, but prose:—

> "Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect. It is a strain which distends and then bursts the circumference of the reader's mind, and pours itself forth with it into the universal element with which it has perpertual sympathy."

But those pre-Controversy days provide ample evidence of great men thinking of Francis Bacon as a poet: let the following suffice:—

Lord Campbell: "Few poets deal in finer imagery than is to be found in Bacon . . His verse is poetry."

Nichol: "Bacon's anticipations (in physical science) are like those of the 'Fairy Queen' about the stars,—flights of an imagination almost as unique in prose as Shakespeare's in verse."

E. Bulwer Lytton: "We have only to open *The Advancement of Learning* (Bacon's) to see how the Attic bees clustered over the cradle of the new philosophy. Poetry pervaded the thoughts, it inspired the similes, it hymned in the majestic sentences of the wisest of mankind."

Alexander Smith: "He seems to have written his Essays with the pen of Shakespeare."

Let me emphasise that these writers were pre-Controversy, and, therefore, could have had no ulterior motive in extolling Bacon as a poet.

But let us see whether Bacon's *contemporaries* had anything to say about his having written, or being capable of writing, poetry. Here again there is ample and incontrovertible evidence. Outstanding among it is the *Great Assises holden in Parnassus*, 1645. This, with the two parts, the "Pilgrimage to" and the "Return from Parnassus," formed the trilogy that was enacted at St. John's College, Cambridge. Raphael had, in the Vatican, depicted the triumph of antique art under the poetic influence of the Renaissance; and the motif of the trilogy was the depicting of the antithesis, of the modern art of learning under the demoralizing influence of the age. The 'Pilgrimage' and the 'Return' culminate in the 'Great Assises' convened at Parnassus for the trial of the trashy and misleading literature of the period. The lovers of learning journey to the lofty mount of Learning, crowned with its temple, the university, pre-figured in their dreams as Parnassus the glorious abode of Apollo and the Muses; but they find how vain have been their dreams and they return to the world disillusioned; they come to realize that the golden age of Literature has passed and is being supplanted by an age of trashy pamphleteers and news-scribblers. Thereupon, the lovers of true Literature

appeal to Apollo, who convenes a High Court to meet at Parnassus. Apollo summonses, as Assessors, the great Authors, principally of the past; a Jury of twelve writers is impanelled, including "William Shakespeare" in the *eleventh* place; the "Malefactours" are also twelve in number, and, at first sight, appear to be certain news-sheets, but, really, are apt appellations applicable to the Jurors: thus, Shakespeare becomes the "Writer of Weekly Accounts." (The only literature for which he was responsible was the accounts sent out by his clerk or attorney.) At the head of the Court is Apollo and *next him* is "The Lord Verulam, Chancellor of Parnassus" (*i.e.* Bacon) with Sir Philip Sidney next to him. The precision of giving known names and specifying their places on the Court is significant, particularly as Bacon is placed first, while Shakespeare is last but one, of the thirty-one persons named. The inference to be drawn can only be that the God of Music and Poetry regarded Bacon as being the worthiest among mortals to occupy the chief place in Parnasuss; and it is evident how highly the poetical genius of Bacon was regarded by his contemporaries. Incidentally, in the Play, the Crier of the Court calls "Sylvester, Sands . . . Shakespeare and Heywood, Poets good and true;" but later it is objected that "Shakespear's a mimicke," *i.e.* an actor, not a poet, and Apollo adjudges that this is so, and that Shakespeare is not a poet! The same idea was suggested in the "Return from Parnassus."

Now to turn to a piece of evidence which, perhaps, is more direct than is the foregoing, for it appeared in the collection of Bacon's works left by his secretary and chaplain, Dr. Rawley. It is an Elegy "to the Incomparable Francis of Verulam," which formed part of a collection containing the *Life* (drawn up by Dr. Rawley in 1657), seen at the beginning of Bacon's scientific works edited by James Spedding. The latter was Bacon's most conscientious and most accepted biographer who wrote of the *Life*, that, "next to Bacon's own writings, it is the most authentic evidence concerning him that we possess."

The Elegy was in Latin, by a friend of Ben Jonson. It is in the form of forty distichs; wherein, Francis Bacon is spoke of as the Creator of what we know as the "Elizabethan Period," and is addressed as Shakespeare, if we are justified in so interpreting the 16th and 17th distichs—

16. *Vidit ut hic artes nulla radice retentas,*
Languere ut summo semina sparsa solo;

17. *Crescere Pegaseas docuit, velut hasta Quirini*
Crevit, et exigu tempore Laurus erat.

A published translation of this gives the following:—

> Seeing the Pegasus arts fast holding no roots, withered like seed cast over the surface;
> He taught them to grow, as the shaft of Quirinus once grew to a bay-tree.

Quirinus was Romulus, the inaugurator of arts and sciences in Rome, and he was named Quirinus because he threw a spear into the Quirinal.

The burden of the Elegy, which is dwelt on at every pause, is that no other poet could be compared with Francis of Verulam; that he was the only great poet of his Age and the greatest; that he taught others, even the Muses. This latter is borne out by Ben Jonson's saying of him that he "filled up all numbers" meaning that he had completed what the Muses had failed to accomplish.

Bacon in his *De Augmentis* wrote—

> "Thus have I intended to employ myself in *tuning the harp of the muses* and reducing it to a perfect harmony, that hereafter the strings may be touched by a better hand or a better quill."

Again he wrote—

> "Poesy feigns acts and events according to revealed providence . . . Poesy serveth and conferreth with magnanimity, morality, and to delectation, and therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind."

Bacon, from an early age, had devoted his life to the great purpose of the Advancement of Learning of his fellow-beings. Would he, in these circumstances, have written so sublimely of the divine quality of poetry and yet not have made use of it? Further, can it possibly be said that he was incapable of using it as effectively as the writer of Shakespeare's Works? Well may he have written—

> "Invest me in my motley: give me leave
> To speak my mind, and I will through and through
> Cleanse the foul body of the infected world
> If they will patiently receive my medicine."
>
> —*As You Like It*

But perhaps the most conclusive contemporary evidence of Francis Bacon's pre-eminence as a poet is that of the *Manes Verulamiani*. Under this title there were collected thirty-two Elegies, and the book published on 17 May, 1626, *i.e*, within a few weeks after Francis Bacon's death. These Elgies reappear elsewhere: six (including the single Elegy referred to above) may be seen at the beginning of the 1640 edition of the *Advancement of Learning* (Bacon) and all of them, with additions, are inserted under the title *Manes Verulamiani* in "Collections relating to the Life of the Author" at the beginning of Blackbourne's edition of Bacon's Works, 1730. The authors were, nearly all, University men who rose to distinction.

As in the Elegy above referred to, we read, in connection with Bacon's poetic genius, of the Pierides and of Pegasus whose hoof struck the spot whence flowed the spring of the Muses. The poet is likened to Orpheus, who by his harmonies charmed the birds and the beasts, the stocks and the stones. By his wise use of Metaphor, Allegory, and Parable, and with his unerring judgement of the power of "stage-playing," he restored Comedy and Tragedy, making them a part of his method and dignifying them as arts in his new philosophy. He drew on the "socks" of the Comedians and raised the heels of the Tragedians (the buskins or cothurnos of the Athenian actors of Tragedy).

One of the writers reiterates that in the death of Francis Bacon, the world, and his followers or alumni, have lost their only Orator, Teller of Tales that mazed the Courts of Kings.

Another writes—"For those who toil and plod in writer's work seem mostly to assume the stoic style, or style still cheaper, easier, of the pedant. And to this cause the difference is due, that whilst with them their style governs their subject, with you your subject ever governs your style."

Bacon himself, in his bi-literal cipher writings, has said that he so varies his style, even to the extent of copying the style of writers whose names he used as masks.

FRANCIS BACON, *MACBETH* and JAMES I

By Stewart Robb

The Royal Play of Macbeth by Henry N. Paul. New York: The Macmillan Company. 438 pages. $6.

FOR the reader who wishes to know more about *Macbeth*, and 'When why and how it was written by Shakespear'' I know of no more thorough background book than this labour of love by Mr. Paul, the Dean of the Shakespeare Society of Philadelphia. Orthodox Shakespeareans, however, are not the only readers who will revel in this highly readable yet scholarly book: Baconians will find it no less valuable, for although Mr. Paul is not one who holds that Sir Francis Bacon (known to his contemporaries as a concealed dramatist, as *Manes Verulamiani*, 1626 completely proves) is the author of *Macbeth*; his thesis, that this tragedy was tailor-made for James VI of Scotland shortly after he became James I of England, is in perfect harmony with what Baconians believe. And he proves his point.

It was Bacon, however, who aimed to please James, and who, when John Davies went to Scotland in 1603 to meet the new King of England, wrote his friend to put in a good word for him, and expressed the hope, in closing, that he (Davies) would be ''good to concealed poets.'' That is, in expressing a desire to please the king, Bacon at the same time reminded his friend that he was ''a concealed poet.'' Had the philosopher already made mental plans to write *Macbeth*? Henry Paul, who informs the reader that Buchanan's *Historia Scotica*, and Hector Boece's *Historia Scotorum* were used as source material for Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, may not be aware that *copies of both these books containing Bacon's inked annotations exist, and that these annotations show Bacon's special interest in the* Macbeth *theme*. On a page of Buchanan containing the story of Macbeth Bacon has written ''Macbethi, Macbetho, and Macbethus Tyrannus, and Bancho rigiae caedis.'' Many of the words in the text are underlined. And in a copy of Boece dated 1575, Bacon has written the genealogy of the Scottish Kings descended from Banquo ''to, and including James V, comprising seven kings.'' And in his *Natural History*, Bacon shows the same interest in strange parts of animals that Shakespeare must have had to write the witches' scenes.

The Royal Play of Macbeth contains a number of historical facts that will surprise many ignorant of the facts. It is not generally known for instance, that James was a most enlightened monarch on the matter of witches. Every scholar knows that he wrote a book on *Demonology* in which he went overboard into the sea of credulity. But Mr. Paul shows that after he became England's monarch, he gradually reversed his attitude, and ended as a disbeliever in witchcraft. Mr. Paul shows that the witch scenes were written with due

consideration for James' changing view on the subject. But Bacon's views on witchcraft also were those of his monarch. In his *Natural History* the philosopher writes: "As diverse wise judges have prescribed and cautioned, men may not too rashly believe the confessions of witches, nor yet the evidence against them for the witches themselves are imaginative, and believe oft-times they do that which the do not."

Parallels in the play of *Macbeth* with passages in Bacon's writings are as numerous as in the other Shakespeare plays. Here are a few. "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" asks Macbeth. Says Bacon: "The particular remedies which learning doth minister to all the diseases of the mind," etc. and elsewhere he repeats the thought in closely similar languge. Macbeth says: "Sleep, Chief nourisher in life's feast." Bacon says: "Sleep nourisheth, or at least preserveth bodies a long time without other nourishment." The witches do not at first hurt Macbeth, but by working on his imagination persuade him to work evil on others. Bacon says: "If a witch by imagination hurt any one afar off, if cannot be done naturally, but by working upon the spirit of one that comes to the witch, and from thence upon the imagination of another." Macduff, discovering the body of Duncan, who has just been murdered by Macbeth, cries out in horror: "Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight with a new Gorgon!" Bacon writes: "No cause of war is more pious than the overthrow of tyranny under which the people lie prostrate, as if turned to stone by the aspect of Medusa." (Medusa of course was the Chief of the Gorgons). Notice that in both Bacon and Shakespeare, tyranny is a Gorgon that turns people to stone, a most unusual and remarkable image. The Scottish noble Ross says: "Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward." Bacon jotted down, for use in his *Promus*, a workshop note book: "When things are at the period of ill, they turn again." Lady Macbeth urges her husband: "Live a coward in thine own esteem, Letting ' I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' Like the poor cat in the adage." The adage referred to is found in Bacon's *Promus*, and reads *Le chat aime le poisson, mais il' n'aime pas à mouiller la patte*. The sleep-walking Lady Macbeth cries in anguish: "What's done cannot be undone." Bacon notes for use, in his *Promus*: "Things done cannot be undone." Lady Macbeth says of her husband: "I fear thy nature; It is too full of the milk of human kindness, To catch the nearest way." Bacon writes: "It is in life as it is in ways; the shortest way is commonly the foulest." Macbeth, at the end of his rope, cries against life: "It is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Bacon writes: "It is nothing else but words, which rather sound than signify anything." The porter says: "I'll devil-porter it no further." Bacon writes: "He is the devil's porter who does more than what is required of him."

Facts such as these, included, would have made Henry Paul's excellent book more complete.

OBITUARY

MR. VALENTINE SMITH

Mr. Valentine Smith, who had struggled against failing health during the last four years, passed peacefully away at Boscombe on August 15th, in his 78th year, to the sorrow of his relatives and many friends. He succeeded the late Henry Seymour as Hon. Secretary of the Francis Bacon Society in 1937, and with characteristic energy set to work to build it up and strengthen its position, his enthusiasm influencing others with the result that he considerably strengthened its resources. He was re-elected at the Annual General Meeting in June last but was obviously ailing and surprised few when, in returning thanks, he said with a note of pathos that he was unlikely to be able to continue his task for very long.

Until his first breakdown in health some four years ago he ran all the business affairs of the Society mainly from his residence at Virginia Water. More than once he had to face difficulties but his enthusiasm for the cause led several Baconians to support it with gifts or legacies. If he had a tendency occasionally to extravagance in the eyes of some it was because he saw large and always had in mind his career in the newspaper world where he dealt with immense figures in circulation and publicity and was always progressive.

Born in London, the son of Valentine Smith, a famous operatic tenor in the Carl Rosa Company, who created his own Operatic Company, Valentine junior, after leaving school, literally lived in the theatre until his late teens, touring with the Valentine Smith Operatic Company all over Britain and also in America, especially in Philadelphia, in which he acted as Manager and Publicity Director. His first post in the journalistic world was with an uncle who founded the first Catholic daily, *The Universe*. As his aspirations grew from experience he became in due course circulation manager of *The Observer*, and with characteristic energy and opportunism increased its circulation enormously by various schemes. His big opportunity arose when Lord Northcliffe purchased that journal and very soon the "Chief", as Northcliffe was always called by his staffs, sent for him and offered him the most important post of Circulation Manager of *The Daily Mail*,

From 1909, then aged only 35, Valentine directed the circulation of that famous journal for 20 years and with his publicity ideas and enterprise added enormously to its circulation. Under Northcliffe he took a leading part in the introduction and development of flying in Great Britain and during the General Strike of 1926, he used aeroplanes to carry the *Daily Mail* to all the centres for distribution whereby it was the only daily available in most parts of the country. His promotional schemes were highly successful so that the paper outstripped all rivals in circulation. His own salary, based on a per centage of 1/- per 1,000 increased sales amounted to over £10,000 per annum.

After Northcliffe's death in 1922, Valentine continued with the

Mail until 1929, but he had no great opinion of Lord Rothermere's control or of Sir George Sutton, who followed him. He was then induced to join the *Daily Chronicle* and *Sunday News* directed by William Harrison, well-known in the paper manufacturing world, as Circulation Director at a princely salary of from £15,000 to £20,000 per annum. Unfortunately, owing to the inefficiency of new printing machines production suffered, and suddenly Valentine found that journal sold over his head to the proprietors of the *Daily News*, (now *Daily News and Chronicle*) without a word of warning from the Directors. Subsequently he took over the *Sunday Referee* and raised its circulation from five to six figures. Later he became a circulation consultant but the last war intervened and he finally created his wholesale newsagent's business in Southampton which he controlled up to the time of his death.

The *World's Press News* in a long obituary notice says of him, "There will never be another man like him in the publishing world. By his efforts in producing the vast sales of the *Mail* the paper became the biggest and most valuable advertising media in the country." Such then was Valentine Smith. He threw himself body and soul into whatever he took up and he harboured the great ambition to make the Francis Bacon Society triumphant. He found himself constantly thwarted by some who lacked imagination and foresight, possessing, as he humorously put it, "a petty tradesman's outlook." The Francis Bacon Society is a deal poorer by his loss.

MR. C. Y. C. DAWBARN

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Climension Yelverton Charles Dawbarn, a very old member and well-known authority on Francis Bacon and his work, who passed away on the 17th of January last, aged 91. Unhappily the information did not reach us until lately.

Mr. Dawbarn was educated at Liverpool College, and Queen's College, Cambridge. He graduated in mathematics, was called to the Bar and practised on the Northern Circuit. In his leisure time he devoted himself to literary pursuits especially in extensive historical research. He wrote on a variety of subjects, history, economics, politics, and also the Bacon controversy, his most outstanding work being "Uncrowned," published in 1913. Other works were "Employers Liability" (1903)," Liberty and Progress" (1909), "The Social Contract" (1910), "Workmen's Compensation Act" (1910 and 1913), "Applied Philosophy," (1923), and "Progress and Prosperity" (1932).

In politics he was a Gladstonian and contested the Ormskirk division in 1906 General Election. He cordially disliked the subsequent Liberal regime under Asquith and Lloyd-George and eschewed active politics in consequence. He was an athlete in his younger days and a well-known chess player up to an old age. The world is the loser by his passing on and the Francis Bacon Society offers its sincere regrets to his family.

"DON ADRIANA'S LETTER" CRYPTOGRAPH III

THE FIRST TITLE

By "ARDEN"

(Part III)

"Therefore we shall make our judgment upon the things themselves as they give light one to another and as we can, dig Truth out of the mine."—FRANCIS BACON.

". . . your grace's title shall be multiplied."
(2 HEN. VI)

FOR the benefit of readers who have not seen my previous articles I want to re-state the rules by which we are confined when extracting designs from Don Adriana's Letter found in *Love's Labours Lost.*(1)

1. Symmetry or balance in the designs.
2. Words so spaced out must be keyed by the same word again in close symmetrical arrangement from the text.
3. The ten words SEE found scattered in the Table of Letters are the Guides used for rounding off and introducing new informative patterns.
4. Ambiguity is resolved by the Counter-signing with punning names on Bacon:—HOG. SOW. HAM. PIG. SHOAT. BOAR. These must be symmetrical also. (*Note.*—SWINE seems to be absent unless represented by the Latin SUS. I have not found GAMMON but I suspect that it is because it takes up too much room and this also may apply to SWINE.)

A precis of all this can be expressed as:

1. Symmetry.
2. Keying
3. The Guides SEE
4. Counter-signing.

These rules are obtained by inductive reasoning and experience and it is only by commonsense that we shall recognise that they operate.

I should like to point out some considerations which arise in connection with all cryptography. The first is that we should expect some strong connecting links both in the underlying ideas and the method. I refer, of course, to Baconian cryptography and what we know of Francis Bacon.

First of all in connection with the Don's Letter there are the endless puns on Bacon's name. Bacon, we know, loved a jest, and in his *De Augmentis Scientiarum* he tells us—"*. . . I often, consciously and purposely, cast aside the dignity of my Genius and my name (if such a thing be) . . .*"

(1)The earlier two articles on this subject appeared in our New Year and Spring issues.—ED.

Shakespeare, needless to say, is famous for his puns. They creep in at the most unexpected moments in all the plays.

Let us then, find the earliest of these puns in the 1623 Folio. It is to be found on the second page of the plays in *The Tempest*. Surely, where we find a Shakespeare pun we may also find a Baconic one? On page two of *The Tempest* we find these lines:

Mira. More to know
D Did never medle with my thoughts.
Pros. 'Tis time
I I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
A And pluck my Magick garments from me: So,
L Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd,
T The very virtue of compassion in thee:
I I haue with such prouision in mine Art
S So safely ordered that there is no soule
N No not so much perdition as an hayre
B Betid to any creature in the vessell
W S Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke: Sit downe,
F For thou must now know farther.
Mira. You have often
BE Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt (—33 *lines up*)
AN And left me to a bootlesse Inquisition,
CO Concluding, stay: not yet.

The Shakespearean pun is "farther" for "father" and has often been pointed out by the orthodox commentators. The Baconic pun is attached to the acrostic signature BACONE which is *symmetrical*. The whole of the acrostic reads DIAL N(ota) B(ene) TIS W(illiam) S(hakespeare) F(or) BACONE. The connecting links with other acrostics is given at length in Mr. Johnson's book: *The Mystery of the First Folio*.

Here then, we find the puns, the acrostic anagrams and all "hang" on the capital letters for "Hang-hog is latten for Bacon, I warrant you"—*Merry Wives of Windsor*. "Hog is not Bacon until it be well hung."—36*th Apothegm*. As for the "Latin" we clearly see BACONE.

What of the Numerical Cipher? Well, as we could expect the B of BEGUN and therefore of BACONE is on the 33rd line up the column. B=2 A=1 C=3 O=14 N=13 = 33 in Simple Cipher. Add the letter E=5 and the total is now 38. Does this connect with the Don's Letter?

In my previous article I show the First Signature in Table III and is it a co-incidence that the whole signature lies between columns 10 and 28. This gives 38! This can be expressed:

O+E=10+28=38
C+A=14+24=38
B+N=19+19=38

Also BACONE lies on three horizontal lines: 13+12+8=33! I have pointed out before that BACONE is derived from the cryptographic Sonnet 136 which has a play on the word ONE. N.B. for *Nota Bene* is used by Mr. Johnson in his book *Don Adriana's Letter*, and also by William Stone Booth in his works.

This is by no means all. The word DIAL appears in the Don's Letter Cryptograph as I shall show in another article. F. W. C. Wigston's books show the visual and mathematical connection between the 36th Apothegm and all the mentions of Bacon in the Shakespeare plays. He also shows how NAMES are linked and so once again we are back to the Don's Letter.

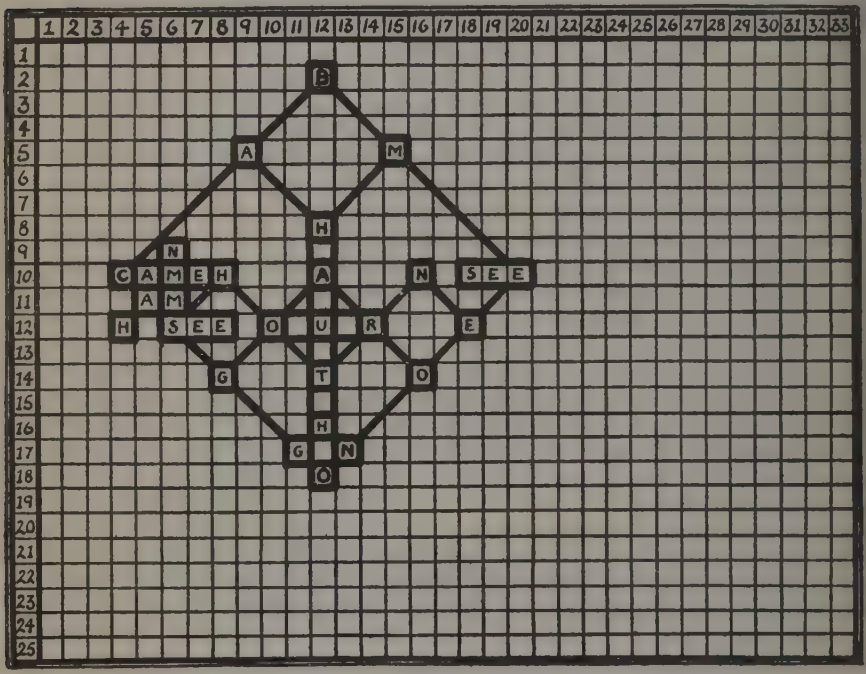

TABLE VI

Table 6. Message—SEE ONE AUTHOR BACON(E)
Keying words—NAME ME HAM
Counter-signings—HOG. HAM. HOG.

As space is precious, I cannot demonstrate all the variations on the arrangement of the word AUTHOR. If the Table of Letters is examined another Keying Group will be found around the letter U of AUTHOR which will read AUTHORE (what he SAW)! It would seem that Bacon was not content with anything so simple as just two

formations but must contrive to put in as many as the text could include. In my ENTRANCE Table in Article I, I did not show all the words possible and many of these also appear in this Table VI. Plain black and white diagrams do not suffice to show the hidden wit therein! The real difficulty is selection and this is the case also with the signature BACONE. I show the one which is resolved very neatly with the counter-sign HOG around the letter O at the bottom. The A of BACONE is the centre letter of the table, the A of AUTHOR.

The keying group NAME ME HAM refers to Table V.

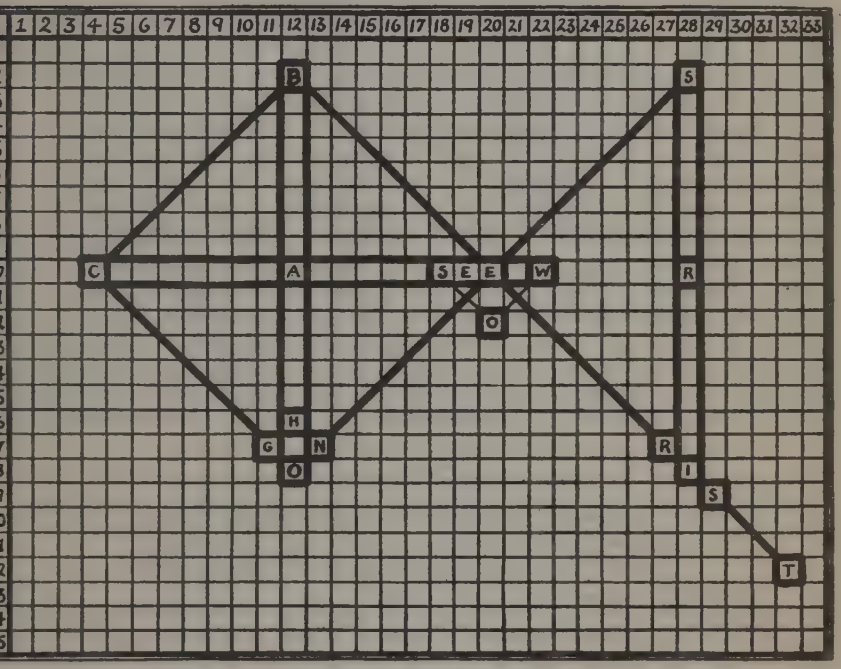

TABLE VII

Table 7. Message—SEE. BACONE. SIR.
Keying—SIR
Counter-signs—HOG. SOW.

Here I have cleared away the clutter from the middle and the signature is clearly BACONE. The alternative spellings are: BACO; F.BACONI; (where the letters F and I are found attached to the letter B). Complete symmetry will give the unfamiliar F. BACOUNI. I have deliberately used the word SIR as a salutation bearing in mind the possible double-entendre. In any case the doubt is resolved when we examine the extension of the diagonal line to that letter T!

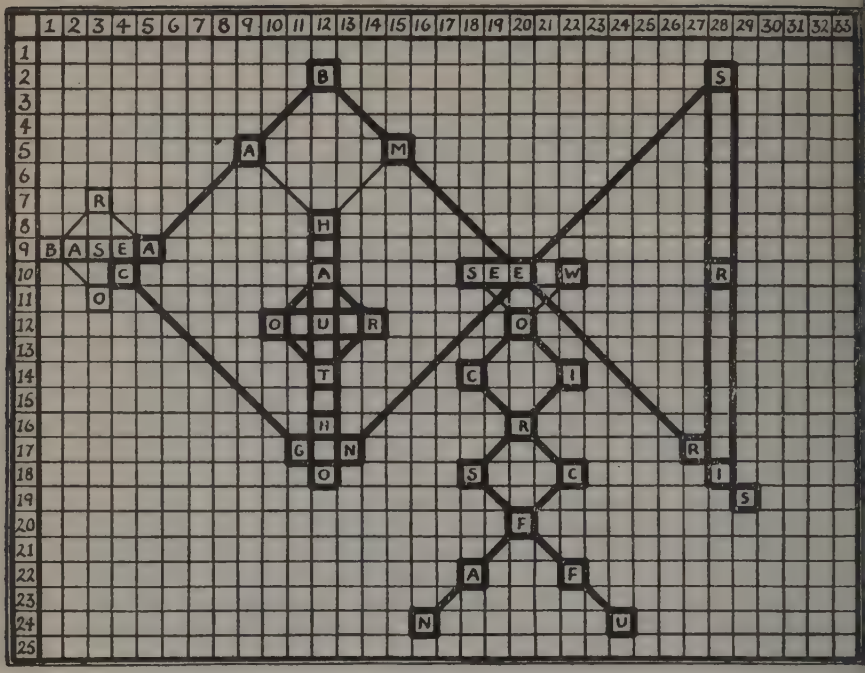

TABLE VIII

Table 8. Message—SEE AUTHOR. SIR FFRAUNCISCO BACONE
Keying—SIR.
Counter-signings—SOW. HOG. HAM BOAR(S).

It was with great delight that I first plotted this signature. The letter F on square 20 by 20 is the letter F of the signature F. BACON. shown in Mr. Johnson's tables. I set out to find the FRANCIS attached to this F and noticing the second letter F, I was led to. something quite unexpected. (Needless to say, there is the name FRANCIS in Mr. Johnson's table). An examination of the signature will show that no other arrangement is possible, FFRAUNCISCO it has to be! For balance (symmetry) the letter N being vital, just has to bring in the letter U! Without the CO at the end the symmetry is spoiled also, hence FFRAUNCISCO it has to be! It will also be noted that the letters SRI are in line and the hints are plain that the title is indicated.

As for the extension on the large diamond I overlooked this until one day I had to draw the table for demonstration purposes and quite casually had a look to see what I should find on the right. Imagine my astonishment when I noted the keying word SIR attached to the letter I. I can now reveal what word is attached to the exten-

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* * *

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sion down on the right in Table VII. It is the word TITLE(S) in the text!

There is much humour in all this. Note how everything seems to "hang." The keying group BOAR(S) on the left I show because it gives an alternative letter A for the signature BACONE. BASE BOARS I show for the fun of it. Besides which it will now be obvious that the Letter abounds in double-entendres. What does "Annothanize" mean? "Videliset"? "Tittles for Titles"? "Veni, Vidi, Vici"? "What saw the Begger"? "The catastrophe is a nuptiall"? "On whose side"? "The conclusion (!) is victory"? "I am the King (for so stands the comparison)"?

I strongly suspect the presence of "Dog-Latin" in the cryptograph. The middle of the Cryptograph seems to be endless and needs more eyes than my own. Is the S of SIR counter-signed by SUS? (SWINE). Dare I play with the many examples of HIC, HAC, HOC? As I have no Latin worth the name, I must leave these pointers to they who are more familiar with that language. But I often suspect that I miss the more recondite fun in the Letter!

As it is, I think this table will cause some comment. Why FFRAUNCISCO BACONE? Frankly, I know nothing of all the Latin endings to names and perhaps other Baconians will enlighten us by some comment. Incidentally the name FFRAUNCISCO is counter-signed by BACON attached to the letter C on the left. The letter C on the right indicates clearly that it reads COE! I think we can now read the bottom line with a new apprehension—"*Euerie part thine in the dearest design of industrie.*"

DISCUSSION GROUP MEETINGS.—Mr. Eric Webb, Editor of the *Baconiana Letter*, gave a talk on October 23rd on "Don Adriana's Letter." In November Mr. William Kent will speak on the subject of the Oxfordians. Other speakers and subjects will be announced later.

ALFRED DODD'S SONNET DIARY

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of BACONIANA

Sir,

"ESSEX AND OSTRICH FEATHERS"

In BACONIANA (Summer 1951, p.176) Miss Ella M. Horsey quotes a short extract from a letter written by Bacon to Essex in July 1600, as follows:

> ". . . As I was ever sorry that your Lordship should fly with waxen wings, doubting Icarus' fortune, so for the growing up of your own feathers, specially ostrich's, or any other save a bird of prey, no man shall be more glad."

She then asks, "Did Francis Bacon mean Essex to understand that he would be glad to see his younger brother acknowledged by the Queen as her heir, and so, presumably, be granted the *right* to use the Prince of Wales' Coat of Arms?"

The answer surely is that the title of Prince of Wales is not a hereditary *right*, and never has been. The title must be conferred by Letters Patent followed by installation. The eldest son of the reigning monarch does, however, become Duke of Cornwall by inheritance.

It is always dangerous to quote short extracts in support of theories. Miss Horsey is, however, cautious. She makes no statement, forms no conclusion, but merely asks a question to which I will endeavour to reply.

Firstly, it is necessary to consider the position of Essex in July 1600. He was in disgrace for his failure in Ireland, and making peace with Tyrone without consulting the Queen. Furthermore, he had taken upon himself to create many knights in Ireland without authority or right. He had flown too high, and had crashed to earth with his wings singed by the heat of the sun (Elizabeth). He was in close confinement in his own house, and under guard. The letter from which Miss Horsey quotes is given in Thomas Birch's *Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth* (Vol. II p.457, London, 1754) as follows:

> "No man can expound my doings better than your lordship which makes me need to say the less. Only I humbly pray you to believe that I aspire to the conscience and commendation of *bonus civis* and *bonus vir*; and that though I love some things better I confess than I love your lordship, yet I love few persons better, both for gratitude's sake, and for your virtues which cannot hurt but by accident, of which my good affection it may please your lordship to assure yourself, and of all the true effects and offices I can yield. For as I was ever sorry your lordship should fly with waxen wings, doubting Icarus' fortune; so for the growing up of your own feathers, be *they estridge's or other kind*, no man shall be more glad. And this is the axle-tree whereon I have turned and shall turn. Which having already signified to you by some near mean, having so fit a messenger for mine own letter. And so I commend you to God's protection."

The earl returned this answer:

> "I can neither expound nor censure your late actions, being ignorant of all of them save one; and having directed my sight inward only to examine myself. You do pray me to believe that you only aspire to the conscience and commendation of *bonus civis* and *bonus vir*; and I do faithfully assure you that while that is your ambition (though your course be active and mind contemplative) yet we shall both *convenire in eodem tertio*, and *convenire inter nosipsos*. Your

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As his birth was a mystery, and also his private life, so was his death. Did he die of a sudden chill on Easter Sunday, 1626? The author skilfully unfolds the tangled skein which leads to the conclusion that it was a sham affair, and that Bacon escaped to the Continent and lived in retirement to an old age under an assumed name. No record of his funeral exists and when his tomb in St. Michael's Church, St. Albans, was opened it was empty.

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profession of affection and offer of good offices are welcome to me. For answer to them I will say but this, that you have believed that I have been kind to you; and you may believe that I cannot be other, either upon humour or mine own election. I am a stranger to all poetical conceits or else I would say somewhat of your poetical example. But this I must say, that I never flew with other wings than desire to merit, and confidence in my sovereign's favour; and when one of those wings failed me I would light nowhere but at my sovereign's feet, though she suffered me to be bruised with my fall. And till her Majesty that knows I was never bird of prey finds it to agree with her will and her service that my wings should be imped again, I have committed myself to the mew.

"No power but God's and my sovereign's can alter this resolution of

Your retired friend,

ESSEX."

It will be seen that both Bacon's letter and the reply of Essex have much in metaphor drawn upon flight and falconry and hawking. Essex compares himself with a falcon or hawk with a bruised wing, yet returning to the falconer and falling at his feet. He uses words which belong exclusively to that sport, *viz.* "imped" and "mew." Now an ostrich does *not* fly, and what Bacon means is the ostrich-hawk or "estridge-hawk." In the language of hawking, it was known for short as the "estridge." This was the bird-of-prey now called the goshawk (derived from goose-hawk).

I am aware that Spedding's version of Bacon's letter reads "ostrich." In Birch's *Memoirs* compiled a century before Spedding, from what must have been another manuscript of the letter, the word is "estridge." There are certain small differences in the wording of the two versions, but both are unquestionably Bacon's hand and style. It is known that Bacon often made a draft or drafts of a letter to a prominent person. Unfortunately Birch does not refer to the source from which he copied the correspondence. But it does not matter very much whether we read "ostrich" (as Spedding copied it), or "estrich" or "estridge," which are merely old forms of "ostrich." It is clear from the letters that Bacon does not mean the flightless African bird, nor did Essex understand him to mean otherwise than the ostrich or estridge-*hawk*. The goshawk was known as such because it was the biggest of its species.

The Middle-English *Guy of Warwick* has "estriche-faucon." Henry Green in *Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers* (1870) quotes these lines from *Antony and Cleopatra* (III, 13):

To be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge.

There are many references in old books on falconry and hawking to the estridge as denoting the goshawk.

Shakespeare's other allusion to "estridge" occurs in the *First Part of Henry IV* (IV, 1):

All plumed like estridges that wing the wind;
Bated like eagles, having lately bathed.*

This is in Vernon's figurative description of the King's vanguard of nobles before the battle of Shrewsbury.

Mr. T. H. White, author of *The Goshawk* (Jonathan Cape, 1951) writes to me that when the goshawk has refreshed herself with a bath, she

will sit and "wing the wind," *i.e.* flap her wings in order to dry them, and ruffle out her plumage. They are then in great fettle (like the King's nobility).

It was a favourite metaphor among Elizabethan writers to employ the science and language of falconry to flights of imagination, or to soaring ambition (such as that of Essex). Thus Spenser, in his *Hymn of Heavenly Beautie*:

> Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation
> To *impe the wings* of thy high-flying mind,
> Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation.

To "imp" means to engraft feathers into a wing so as to improve flight. This word occurs in the letter of Essex to Bacon, as also does "mew," which was a stable in which falcons or hawks were caged. Mr. White, and other experts in this field, admit that Shakespeare was thoroughly familiar with this aristocratic sport. Players, like other denizens of Southwark, patronised the baiting of bears and bulls. Even Alleyn owned a bear-garden and kept mastiffs for this "sport."

Yours faithfully,

R. L. EAGLE

**Bated* from French *battre*, to beat. This is a hawking term—
"Kites that bate and beat." (*T. of S.*, IV, I)

To the Editor of BACONIANA

Sir,

BACON'S JACKET AND THE DROESHOUT PORTRAIT

Looking at the portrait of Bacon which is the frontispiece of Theobald's "Enter Francis Bacon," and the Droeshout engraving of Shakespeare, I noticed something which I have never known to have been commented on, although it may have been and I have missed it.

The two portraits are wearing identical clothes!

In the Bacon portrait there is a fur coat and some other garment partially concealing the jacket, of which the Droeshout engraving is evidently a very crude copy.

Down the front of the jacket in both cases runs a row of buttons of peculiar design, the *same* in both portraits. On either side of the row of buttons runs a strip of braid, or embroidery, which is crudely represented in the Shakespeare engraving.

The cap at the top of the sleeve is ornamented with this same braid, and it is noteworthy that the spacing of the braid is identical in both portraits. Two strips of braid together at the top, then a space, then strips of braid again. The sleeve itself is decorated in both cases with long strips of this braid, spaced rather far apart.

I do not know whether there exists a portrait of Bacon in these clothes without the overgarments, but if so it would be even easier to trace the resemblances.

It is unlikely that this similarity is a coincidence. I have never noticed any other Elizabethan costume exactly like it.

My own opinion is that Droeshout, who was obviously a very bad draughtsman, copied a portrait of Bacon (or drew from life), in a crude and possibly intentionally misleading—or perhaps "leading" way?—added a mask, and called it "Shakespeare," which as a matter of fact, it was!

Faithfully yours,

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To the Editor of BACONIANA

BACON AND GOETHE

Sir,

The similarities adduced by Mr. W. G. C. Gundry between Francis Bacon and his predecessor, Roger Bacon, are most interesting; but perhaps an even closer correspondence may be found between Francis Bacon and another great universal genius, whose life was also dedicated to the upliftment of humanity, and who also took "all knowledge to be his province," namely, Goethe.

The resemblances between Goethe's interests and achievements and those of Bacon are really remarkable. To mention but a few of the salient correspondences, one can cite Goethe's training in the legal profession; his work and responsibilities as a statesman; his life at court; his interest in occult studies; his pursuit of the natural sciences, in which he brought to bear the inductive approach; his long attachment to the theatre; his gifts of oratory and his magnificent presence and personality; and, finally his marvellous achievements as a dramatic and lyric poet.

Goethe's commanding influence on German literature has been paralleled by Bacon's influence on our own; but in addition to this, Goethe's whole attitude of mind and character have been venerated as an ideal by the best elements in Germany—a situation which would surely obtain in our own country with regard to Bacon, were the facts of his life and his merits generally known.

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E. S. HART

REVIEW

IN Professor Benjamin Farrington's preface to the English edition of his work, *Francia Bacon, Philosopher of Industrial Science*[1], dedicated to the University College of Swansea, "which understands that the Wisdom of the Ancients is necessary for the Advancement of Learning", he states that its special importance for his story is that it reveals the steps whereby Bacon's *Great Instauration* came to be called by the name of only one of its parts, *Novum Organum*, in his opinion a serious distortion, for the earlier title advocates a total renovation of human society.

Novum Organum, he points out, was the name of a portion of the great design which Bacon realised lacked urgency compared with other parts and so abandoned by him. It is an interesting if arguable viewpoint.

The Professor contends, as do all Baconians, that Bacon's was a life consecrated to a great idea and sets out to demonstrate this supported with considerable learning in his work which should be as widely read as his American edition. All Bacon's thought, he observes, has the "unbookish talk of a man who draws up projects of execution rather than write books to be read," just the quality "obscured by academic editors." His was a plan for restoring man's dominion over nature, which editors and critics ignore. He taught that men ought to organise themselves as a sacred duty to improve and transform the conditions of life. The problem was, and is, how? Bacon's scheme for the total reform of society—needed now more than ever—is admirably exhibited by Prof. Farringdon, who gives us old truths maybe but with a fresh outlook. Every admirer of the genius of Francis Bacon should be interested in this work.

C.B.

[1]Published by Lawrence and Wishart, 81 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. 198 pp. Price 12s. 6d.